

Children's Newspaper

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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 106

Week Ending  
MARCH 26, 1921

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

## WHY EASTER COMES SO EARLY

### THRILLING STORY OF THE DESERT

#### BRAVE WOMAN'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY

#### Freezing Among the Libyan Sandstorms

#### NARROW ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINS

Women like Lady Baker and Livingstone's wife have done wonderful things in the way of travel in African wilds as the companions of pioneering men.

Now a brave and venturesome young married lady, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, alone and unsupported by European help, has achieved new wonders on her own account. She has braved the horrors of the Libyan Desert, with its risk of death by hunger and thirst.

She has escaped repeated attempts at murder, and she has penetrated to the headquarters of the powerful Senussi tribe at the oasis of Kufra, where no white woman had ever been before, and only one white man very long ago. She has discovered mountains and wells unknown to geographers, and she has written a new chapter in the history of indomitable womankind's marvellous achievements, which has been told in the Times.

#### A Terrible Tea Party

The journey from Benghazi, on the Mediterranean coast, to Jedabia, 80 miles south, performed on horseback in the company of an Egyptian servant, was easy, but at Jedabia the local chief, Sidi Rida, though very friendly, was unable to prevent a plot by fanatical followers to assassinate his guest.

Mrs. Forbes was warned of the plan. She invited her would-be assassins to drink mint tea with her one night, drugged the beverage, threw the conspirators into a deep sleep, and escaped, dressed as a Bedouin, with five natives.

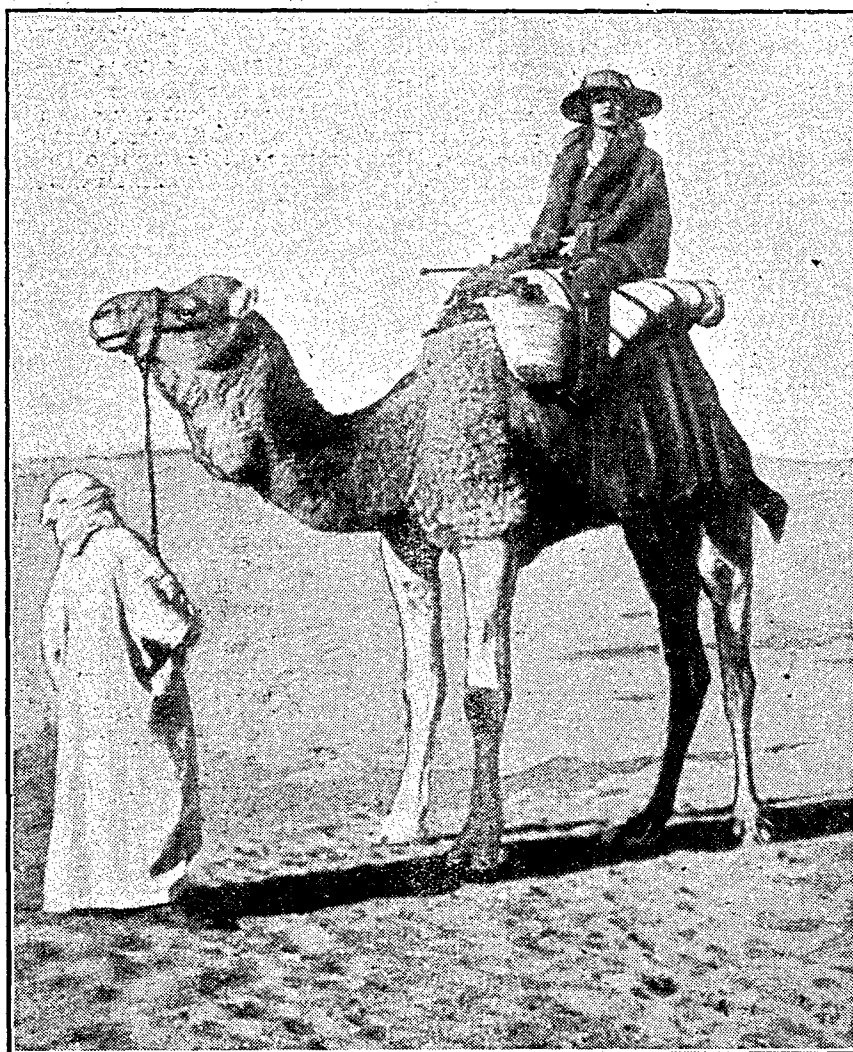
They wandered until weary in a circle, as it proved, for when dawn broke they were still only a mile from Jedabia and its murderous plotters. But the distance was soon lengthened, and for two days the party fled south. Then, joined by two more natives, they travelled famishing a further four days, when they were rescued by a caravan.

#### Lost in the Desert

Even when death from privation threatened, one of the strangers sought to slay Mrs. Forbes as a Christian, so she had to pretend to be a Moslem, half English and half Egyptian, and to pray five times a day under suspicious scrutiny, like a true Mohammedan.

Eventually a caravan, secretly dispatched by kindly Sidi Rida, came up from Jedabia, with 18 camels, nine black soldiers, two slave girls, three Bedouins, and a guide who proved a villain. After a rest all set out on a seven days' march from Jalo, on the edge of the Libyan Desert, to the wells of

### Daring Woman Explorer of the Desert



Mrs. Rosita Forbes, the daring woman traveller who has just made a thrilling journey of discovery among fanatical tribes in the unknown Libyan Desert, as described on this page

Battifal, across a waterless wilderness. For nine days they marched in search of the oasis of Taiserbo. They marched through the place where, according to the maps, Taiserbo should be. But they never found Taiserbo. The guide lost himself; and Mrs. Forbes, steering by compass and sweeping the horizon with her glasses, directed the caravan, so that they came at the end of the ninth day to El Harrash, an uncharted well.

They had wandered for the last two days without water. Here, however, was drink enough, and to feed the camels they tore up their baggage saddles and straw mats.

Reaching Buzeiman, with many of their camels dead of starvation, they were ill received. The rascally guide, to hide the truth of his having lost himself, conspired with the natives to have Mrs. Forbes and her escort killed.

The visitors had come stealthily to conquer the country, urged the traitor. They were to do it with the aid of magical instruments, he said. The magical instruments were the lady's compass, her binoculars, and her revolvers.

All the party who did not desert were shut up in their tents, and their death was imminent when one of the loyal blacks of the caravan was smuggled out

by night and sent 16 miles to Taj, a sacred city in the Kufra Valley, ruled by a friendly chief to whom Mrs. Forbes carried a message of introduction.

He at once went to her rescue. She journeyed with him to Taj, a city of windowless houses built like fortresses, to be received with honour at the home of the chief of all the Senussi tribes in the desert, 550 miles from her starting point.

At Taj Mrs. Forbes lived the life of a veiled Arab woman for nine days, eating with her fingers as she sat on the floor and having scent poured over her by a slave at each meal. She carried a kodak hidden under her garment, and took secret photographs through a specially cut hole.

On the return journey Mrs. Forbes travelled by a new route, her caravan walking 13 hours a day through a terrible land of drought and sandstorms, with the thermometer below freezing-point at night. She had no tent, but slept in fleabags. For 17 days she could not wash, and for 12 days the journey lay through a district that was absolutely waterless.

There were many plots against her life and many hairbreadth escapes, but at last she reached Alexandria after a wonderful journey of nearly 1500 miles.

### HOME SWEET HOME

#### THE QUEER PLACES PEOPLE LIVE IN TODAY

#### Homes in Windmills and Light- houses

#### A REAL PEGGOTTY'S BOAT NEAR YARMOUTH

The shortage of houses has compelled people to make their homes in all sorts of queer places.

Last week we gave in the C.N. a picture of a windmill at Aldeburgh which has been turned into a house, and now a lighthouse is being offered for sale as a very desirable home. No doubt it will soon be snapped up by someone who is unable to get an ordinary house.

In another district a family is living in a pig-sty, because no house is available, and among other strange homes we find a disused tramcar, an old railway carriage, and barns by the score.

#### Home in a Furniture Van

At Bushey, in Hertfordshire, an aged couple who gave up their house under a misapprehension have been unable to get another, and they have now set up a little home in a furniture van.

The pantechnicon has been fitted with two windows, a stove, and a chimney, and two smaller vans and a shed have been joined to it, and here the old couple will remain until they can obtain possession of a cottage which they have bought.

A still stranger home is to be seen at Aldeburgh, on the East Coast, where the windmill dwelling stands. It consists of an old, derelict ship, and, as will be seen by the picture on page 3, it is an almost exact replica of the queer home in which Daniel Peggotty lived.

Dickens has given us a vivid description of this strange home in David Copperfield, and he might for all the world have been writing about the boat-house now to be seen at Aldeburgh.

#### The Quaint House on the Beach

"I looked in all directions as far as I could stare over the wilderness and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge or some other kind of superannuated boat not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very cosily; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to me. . . . There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in; and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was that it was a real boat, which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land."

What a splendid description of the quaint little boat-house at Aldeburgh, and how strange that more than seventy years after that description was penned men should be compelled to live in such a make-shift dwelling. Pictures on page 3



## PRINCE'S WISE WORD

### SEEING THE OTHER PERSON'S POINT OF VIEW

How the World Might be Set Right

#### GERMANY'S GREAT BLUNDER

Speaking at Glasgow in the middle of this month the Prince of Wales said one of the things which so often make his public addresses impressive.

We can never hope to be satisfied, he said to his listeners, until we see each other's point of view.

That truth might be illustrated from what happens in every quarrel or disagreement. But the most striking illustration of it is seen in the doings of the Germans during, and since, the war.

The inability of the German mind to see anything from any point of view except its own caused the Great War, and the same blindness is preventing the establishment of an honourable peace.

#### A Nation's Fatal Blindness

Germany simply cannot see any position from any points of view whatsoever except those of her own selfishness and pride.

She cannot see that she was wrong in making the Great War which killed nearly ten millions of men. She cannot see how she wronged Belgium by invading it while it was a friendly country. She cannot see what she made France suffer by her wilful destruction of the means of livelihood for Frenchmen over a wide area of Northern France.

She cannot see how she has burdened this country with debt, after killing hundreds of thousands of its finest sons.

She cannot see how the whole world regards her as a criminal who will not own that her crime was wrong, and who will not make amends for it as far as money can pay for wrong-doing. No, she is blind, just as she was blind when she began the war and while she was carrying it on to the last ounce of her strength. She has not learned anything from the war.

#### Argument Germany Understands

That is proved, finally, by her action at the London Conference, when she brought her own proposals for paying her debt.

Unable to see any other nation's point of view, she was, of course, unable to approach, even distantly, to a spirit of fairness. She wished the war she had made to leave her far better off than it has left any of the nations involved.

Giving her time for further thought was useless, for she remained blind to all-round justice, and, it was clear, would remain blind.

And so the Allies have been compelled to appeal to her by the only means she can understand—the use of the force which she has learned to worship.

They have occupied a further part of Germany—French, Belgians, and British advancing together into the Rhineland district that is the very heart of German industry—and, unless she shows greater wisdom, will no doubt advance farther, besides bringing pressure against her from the seas, where her power has been destroyed.

#### The Unsettled World

It is sad, for it leaves the world unsettled, and it would be utterly needless if only Germany would show a right understanding of her offences against the world and her need for repentance and just-restitution.

But what can be done with a people fortified in their own conceit, and blind, stark blind, to the common rights of others whom they have deeply wronged?

Every fresh step Germany takes shows her to be at heart the same Germany that embroiled nearly the whole world in hideous war, unrepentant, unconvinced, and out of tune with all that is best and highest in human nature and a truly thoughtful mind.

## A GREAT MAN'S RETIREMENT

### Most Pathetic Figure in the World

#### PRESIDENT WILSON SAYS GOOD-BYE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude.

Many will have thought of Shakespeare's words as they have read of the retirement of President Woodrow Wilson from his great office as the chief of the American Republic.

The enormous amount of work he did during the war, the load of responsibility he carried, and the dreary feeling that, after all, his countrymen had turned their backs on him and disowned his work, broke down his health, and it was as an old, tottering man, whose steps had to be assisted, that he left the White House in Washington where he had reigned for a while with more power than a king.

Ex-president Wilson had his faults, no doubt. He liked to do everything on his own account, and the American Constitution gave him immense power.

His use of that power made him many enemies, who regarded him as an autocrat. But he had an enormous influence for good at the most critical time in modern history, and anyone who cannot feel how deeply he must be wounded by "man's ingratitude" has a heart that no one can admire.

Mr. Wilson is thinking of resuming the practice as a lawyer which he had before he became either a professor or a president. That his health will permit him to do it ought to come into the prayers of all good men.

## CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES

### Saving £148,000,000

Much relief of mind will be felt by all who have been alarmed at the enormous growth of national expenses.

The money demanded by the Government from the British taxpayers for carrying on the country's business is to be cut down next year by £148,000,000.

Though more is being spent on helping the country's foreign trade, on education, unemployment, and old-age pensions, the total decrease in sums required for all kinds of work reaches the large figure just named. Most of the reduction—a sum of £123,000,000—comes from the lessening or ending of services arising out of the war.

That special expense has been too great to be imagined, but it is now fading away, and the nation's yearly bill begins to look rather less ruinous.

## THE POLICE ON THE FILM

### A Doubtful Experiment

Everyone knows that much crime has been fostered by making it seem clever and romantic in moving-pictures.

The love of adventure natural to boys has been enlisted in bad ways, and, sad to relate, some boys have become sneaks and thieves.

Now the ways of the police in checking and detecting crime are to be filmed as a warning and an incentive to counter-act crime.

It may be possible; but we have doubts whether any public exhibition of sinister ways, whether protective or not, is likely to have good effects.

What is needed is the creation of the spirit that lifts youth above the level of crooked ways and artful designs.

#### Pronunciations in this Paper

Costa Rica . . . Kos-tah Ree-kah  
Descartes . . . Day-kart  
Kufra . . . Koo-frah  
Mirabeau . . . Me-rah-bo  
Sidi Rida . . . See-dee Ree-dah

## AMERICA STEPS IN

### Little War Stopped by a Big Neighbour

#### WHERE MIGHT WAS RIGHT

Though the world has made, in the League of Nations, a plan by which wars may be wholly avoided, races remain that prefer war, and the only final prevention is the wise use of restraining force.

It is necessary that there should be a power right-thinking enough to say "You shall not fight," and strong enough to enforce its prohibition.

The whole process, bad and good, is seen in the little war that has broken out, and has been stopped, in Central America.

The small States of Costa Rica and Panama have had a difference of opinion, and instantly, without any attempt to reach a friendly settlement, Costa Rica thrust a part of its army into Panama. The curse of quarrelsomeness was never more clearly exposed.

Then the great neighbour of the two States, the powerful American Republic, which has guaranteed the safety of Panama, stepped forward and forbade the war. Both sides were ordered to stop fighting; and the war ceased. Right and might were combined in the American demand.

The American Republic did, swiftly and well, what the League of Nations ought to have the duty and the power of doing.

It is one of the saddest features of the world's present unsettlement that the League, which expresses the conscience of the world, has not yet the power to bring quarrelsome nations to the bar of justice and enforce its decision.

Happily in this case America was strong and near and willing.

## EPIDEMIC OF THEFT

### Great Need of a Sense of Honour

A wave of theft is sweeping over the world like a plague.

It appears in town and country in England, the most law-abiding of all lands, in America, in far Australia, in Europe, and, in fact, everywhere.

Every train that crosses Europe is said to be a scene of robbery, though soldiers guard it. Passengers are robbed while, apparently, the conductors in charge of a train are conveniently out of the way. Luggage rarely gets through without being tampered with and something stolen. Only the other day Cardinal Bourne, travelling to Rome, lost all his luggage while absent in the dining-car for a short time.

What is needed is a new teaching of the splendid quality of honesty, without which character is rotten to the core.

For dishonesty means sheer selfishness, complete disregard of the rights of others, sinking down to the depths of meanness, and flinging away all sense of honour.

We want a new popular understanding of honour and dishonour.

## ARE YOU THERE?

### The Dog and the Telephone

A Worthing reader assures us of the exact truth of this story.

Our dog Mike got into the habit of following my father to business, where he was not wanted. Then my father telephoned home to my mother to call the dog back. He put the receiver close to the dog's ear, and mother whistled and called him, and immediately he rushed home.

This happened many times.

#### BIND YOUR C.N.s

A special binding scheme has been arranged under which you can have your copies of the C.N. bound up into handsome volumes. Most back numbers can be supplied, but not No. 2.

A postcard to The C.N. Binding Department, 7, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4, will bring you particulars.

## PREPARING FOR THE YEAR 4921

### NEWS FOR THE MEN OF THE FUTURE

#### A Curious Find for Posterity

### STORY OF TODAY TOLD IN LITTLE THINGS

In the middle of London the erectors of the Bush Terminal Building in Aldwych are laying a concrete foundation that they think may last for 3000 years.

Why not? There are structures made by man that have lasted as long—the Pyramids, the buried palaces of Crete, and others.

Such solid foundations as are being laid must last till the age we live in is a dim memory. The builders know this, and so, recollecting how great is the interest we feel when we discover some relic from far-off years, they have been wondering what they could build into the middle of the massive concrete that will perhaps be found thousands of years hence.

#### Little Things that Mean Much

What would this generation like to be known by when the works of its hands are revealed to the eyes of men living thousands of years after it?

Big things seldom remain the longest, though the Pyramids and the Sphinx are big; and when big things do remain their story often is not clear. It is little things that suggest the most to men's minds, and can be longest understood.

So these modern builders have asked a man with a vigorous imagination, Mr. H. G. Wells, to say what he thinks might be buried most suitably in concrete.

The list he has drawn up is quite unlike what most of us would have thought of. It has nothing in it that is great or showy, but, if we think of it, we shall see it calls up before the mind a picture of how people live today, and it may give the men of far-off ages far clearer ideas of our ways in this century than the things that are valued most would do.

#### Things We Shall be Known By

Here then is the list: a safety razor, a cotton reel, a bottle of pickles, a catalogue of a great shop's goods before and after the war, patent medicines and a note of the maladies they profess to cure, a dietary of what we ordinarily eat and drink, a typewriter, a sewing machine, a dressing bag with fittings, a book on "How to Behave," a cinema reel of events happening today, a Whitaker's Almanack, a Bradshaw's Continental Railway Guide, Baedeker's England, and a town map and plans.

Mr. Wells supposes that our language will still be read and understood, though that is by no means certain.

But the things in everyday use will tell the story of our labours and tastes and something of our pleasures and follies, even though our language may be only guessed at by the learned men of the distant future.

#### BIRTHS AND DEATHS

How many children are born in your town in a month and how many people die?

Here we give the figures for ten towns for four recent weeks, with the previous year's figures for the same weeks.

TOWN	Births		Deaths	
	1921	1920	1921	1920
London	7863	11159	4850	5564
Glasgow	2265	2858	1524	1266
Birmingham	1656	2192	1025	1049
Liverpool	1614	2319	913	1382
Manchester	1306	1746	829	944
Sheffield	909	1114	618	506
Leeds	812	1086	536	714
Dublin	802	1076	562	597
Edinburgh	618	739	613	343
Bristol	600	797	371	406

The four weeks are up to February 26, 1921.



## ADMIRALTY AND THE BAD BOY IS HE REALLY BAD?

The Splendid Record of the Reformatory Schools

### WHY NOT TRY TO HELP?

One thousand boys from reformatory schools fell in the war. Three thousand were wounded. Among the glorious company of our soldiers who won the Victoria Cross were four boys who came from reformatory schools.

These figures raise some curious questionings. How is it such boys were ever regarded as criminals? They enlisted in thousands, they fought magnificently, 69 were awarded the D.C.M., 19 received commissions, 32 were mentioned in despatches, three won the coveted Médaille Militaire, and, so far as we know, not one of all these thousands failed in his duty or in any danger showed the white feather.

What a superb record! Would you not say after reading these figures that the nation should do everything in its power to help the bad boy to "make good"—particularly when you know that the badness of the bad boy is seldom of a terrible nature, and in most cases may be traced to his surroundings?

But what is the truth?

The Royal Navy will have nothing to do with the bad boy. Let a poor little chap come before a magistrate for stealing and be sent to one of our Home Office schools, and, though he may from that moment prove himself a splendid character, he cannot enter the British Navy.

### Longing for Adventure

The hardship lies in this, that the British Navy is very often the highest ambition of the Home Office schoolboy. He longs for adventure and he has a hunger for the sea; he really does want to show his schoolmaster and his friends that he can make good. But "he has come from a tainted atmosphere," and the Royal Navy, fearful of contagion, cannot admit this little moral leper.

Do we not all come from a "tainted atmosphere"? Have we not all committed many sins? Could the very best and most successful man now living lay his hand on his heart and say that his childhood was altogether free from crime?

A fight is being made for the bad boy by Mr. James Campbell, Superintendent of the Stoke Farm Reformatory School at Bromsgrove, in Worcestershire. He knows the heart of the bad boy as well as anyone, and he has made himself the chivalrous knight of the bad boy, and means to hammer at the Admiralty doors until he gains admittance for boys who have repented.

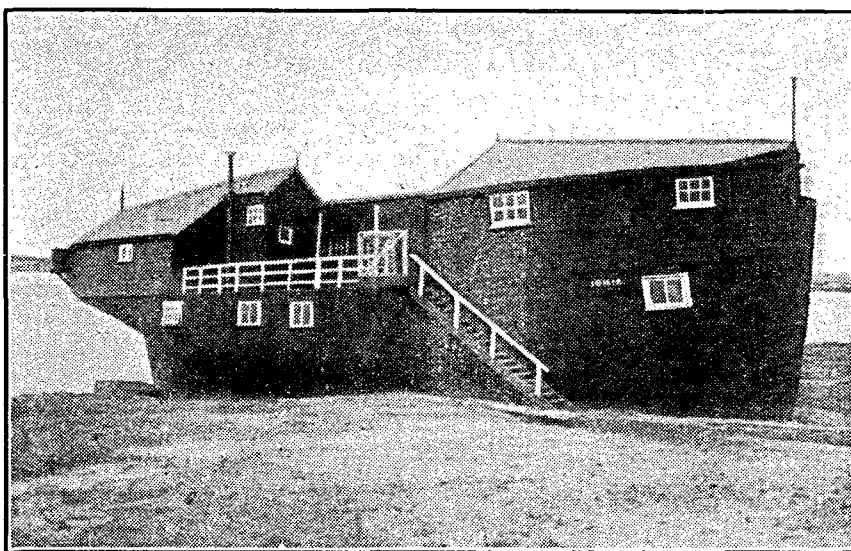
### Helping the Navy

Let us wish him well in this fight, for can there be anything more cruel and senseless than to hang a millstone round the neck of a child? Listen to Mr. Campbell's words:

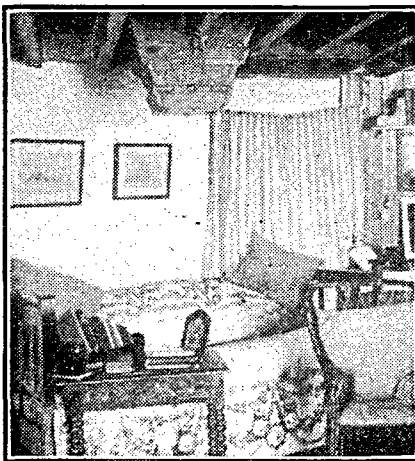
As a little lad he cares nothing for conviction when he is in training at the reformatory school, but when he mixes again with the world it is like a millstone round his neck. If the Home Office would order that no boy under 16 should come under criminal conviction it would give to the Navy a race of splendidly trained fighting men, and to the industrial world thousands of young workers of unblemished characters.

As 90 in every 100 reformatory boys make good it is monstrous to dub every one of these 90 boys "criminals," or to remember against them for ever the "tainted atmosphere" of their helpless childhood. The duty of all good people is to help the bad and to try to save them.

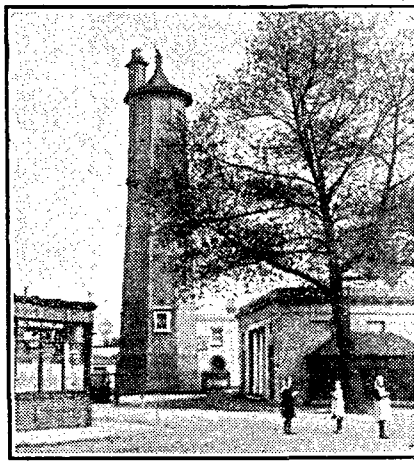
## SOME HAPPY HOMES OF ENGLAND



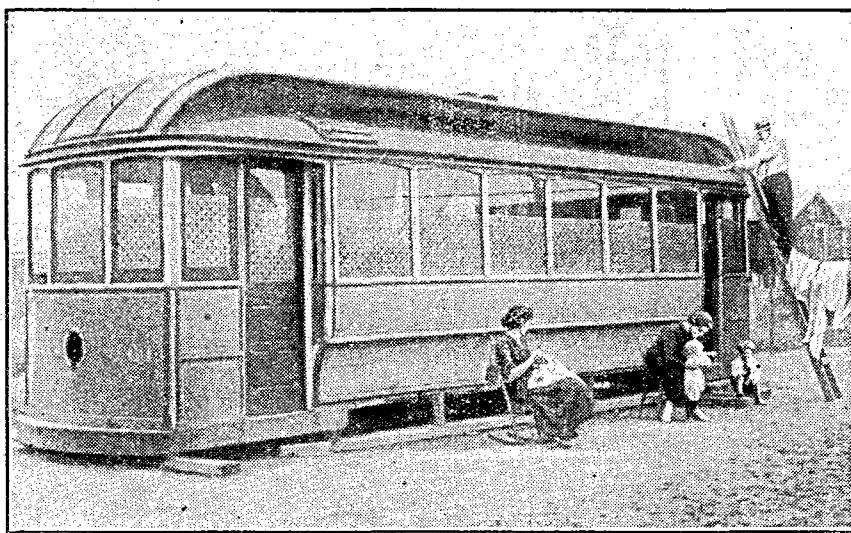
An old ship at Aldeburgh converted into a house, like Peggotty's home described by Charles Dickens in David Copperfield



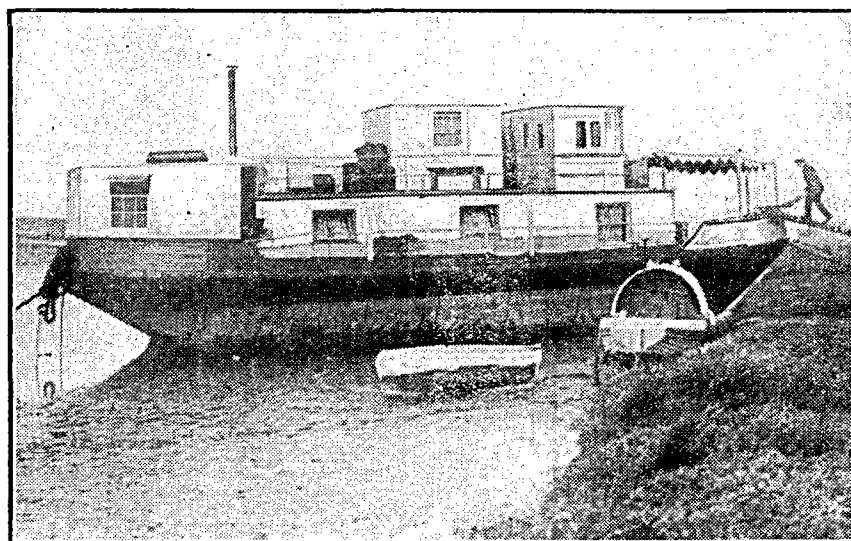
Dressing room in a mill that has been fitted up as a house



A lighthouse at Harwich which is being used as a dwelling house



A home made from a tramcar, from which the wheels have been removed



A seven-roomed home made out of a barge on the Essex coast

The housing difficulty has led to a good deal of ingenuity in the formation of homes out of very unlikely material, as can be seen in these pictures of queer homes in which people are actually living today. See page one

## THE AMAZING EEL ITS STRANGE LIFE IN THE SEA

Some Perplexing Problems Solved

### THE JOURNEY OVER THE FIELDS

The recently discovered life-story of the eel, which the C.N. told a week or two ago, has aroused an enormous amount of interest, and there are one or two points which were not dealt with on which many readers ask for further information.

When the eels have returned to the sea from the rivers and ponds to lay their eggs, do they again return to the rivers? A careful study has been made of this point, and so far as can be discovered the adult eels never come back from the sea to the fresh water; they probably die and are devoured by other sea creatures.

### Life at Great Depths

Then the question is raised, How is it possible for the young eels to exist at a depth of 1200 feet in the sea with such an enormous mass of water pressing on them, when men cannot exist at more than about 200 feet down? The answer is, of course, that at this stage of their existence the eels are specially adapted to resist the pressure, just like other deep sea fish, which, if they are brought up into the air, burst because the pressure is removed. The eel, however, as it grows, gradually adapts itself to less pressure.

Some readers ask how the young eels can breathe at these depths. Of course, eels, like other fishes, do not breathe in the same way as land animals; that is, they have no lungs, but take in the air that is mixed with the water through organs called gills.

### Prisoners for Life

Other readers want to know if all eels living in ponds leave their ponds for the sea. Most eels do, sooner or later, but, as Sir Ray Lankester points out, some eels, shut up in moats and ponds, are never able to escape. They become restless, but fail to get away.

The matter, however, that seems to have aroused most interest is the fact that the eels leave their ponds and travel over the land till they can reach some river that leads to the sea.

Many readers mention that they have never seen the creatures travelling, and would like to know what evidence there is that they do so apparently incredible a thing. Of course, the migration takes place at night, and the eels are seen by those who happen to be about in the proper localities at the right time.

### Wriggling Through the Grass

Scientists and naturalists, like Sir Ray Lankester, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Dr. Francis Ward, and others who have made a special study of the eel, have satisfied themselves on this point; and Sir Herbert Maxwell in his book on British fresh-water fishes explains in detail how the eel travels for long distances over the land, carrying with it the water it needs, as described in the C.N. The late Frank Buckland, a great authority on fishes, although he did not know the full story of the eel as we know it, tells of its habit of travelling over the land. That is no new discovery.

Eels do not hibernate, but are often caught in rivers and ponds in winter. The elvers, or young eels, come up many other rivers besides the Severn, and Sir Ray Lankester tells how he found them in a little rivulet which runs down the cliff at Ecclesbourne, near Hastings. They were wriggling up in the damp grass, he says, 150 feet above the shore, and they must have come out of the sea, attracted by the tiny thread of fresh water entering at that spot.

This answers all the interesting points that have been raised by readers on this very fascinating subject.



## WHY EASTER CHANGES ITS DATE

### MOVABLE AND FIXED HOLIDAYS

#### A Curiosity of the Calendar

#### MEANING OF THE GOLDEN NUMBER

Easter comes early this year, and many readers have asked us to explain in the C.N. why it is that the date of Easter varies year by year.

Such days are really religious festivals, and while some always occur upon the same day and are called fixed feasts, others change about and are known as movable feasts. The chief of these is Easter, and upon it depend the other movable feasts and fasts of the year.

In early times all countries did not keep Easter on the same date. The Churches of Asia Minor celebrated it on the same day as the Jews kept their Passover, but the Churches of the West, remembering that Jesus rose from the grave on a Sunday, kept Easter on the Sunday following the Passover Day.

#### Easter and the Passover

Attempts were made to reconcile the two practices, but without result, and then the Council of Nice passed a decree that everywhere the great feast should be observed upon the same day, and that not the day of the Jewish Passover, but the Sunday following. To prevent further disputes in regard to the date these rules were laid down:

That March 21 should be regarded as the spring equinox—that is, the time in spring when day and night are equal.

That the full moon happening upon, or next after, that date should be taken for the full moon of the Passover month.

That the Sunday next following that full moon should be Easter Day.

That if full moon happened on a Sunday, Easter should be the Sunday after.

This plan has been observed ever since, and by it the date of Easter is fixed.

But in carrying it out through the centuries various difficulties have arisen owing to the fact that the moons do not correspond exactly with the calendar.

#### The Cycle of Years

A series, or cycle, of nineteen years has therefore been taken and numbered from 1 to 19, the numbers being known as Golden Numbers. Then to each of these years has also been given a number which is the age, reckoned in days, of the moon at the beginning of the year. The numbers in this second series are known as Epacts, and from the Golden Number and Epact the full moon for deciding Easter is worked out.

It is curious that in arranging the date of Easter according to rule the spring equinox is a calculated date and not the actual spring equinox; the moon referred to is not the actual moon shining in the sky, but a mathematically calculated moon; and full moon does not mean a complete circular moon, but a supposed full moon according to certain averaging over a course of years. All this is due to the imperfections of the calendar, which never corresponds exactly with the real movements of the sun and moon.

#### Early and Late Easters

By means of the Golden Number and the Epact, which can always be found in any good almanac, any clever boy or girl can work out the date of Easter for any year, and then from that date the other movable festivals can be reckoned.

The earliest date on which Easter Sunday can fall is March 22. It was on that date in 1818, but this will not occur again until 2285, so we shall not see it. The latest possible date is April 25, and Easter was on that date in 1886, and will be again in 1943.

The reason 19 years are taken to form a cycle for reckoning the Golden Numbers is that after 19 years, on a given day of the month, the moon is approximately in the same position in the sky as it was 19 years before, and so that number of years forms a complete series.

## NEW WEIGHTS FOR THE FARMER

### Absurdity of Old Standards

### WHEN A QUARTER IS NOT A QUARTER

For a century and a quarter various Parliamentary Committees have been struggling to end the chaos of weights and measures regulating the sale of agricultural produce.

Various Acts of Parliament have been passed dealing with things like food and coal, and legalising weights and measures by which alone they could be sold, but the standards of weight applying to such things as wheat, corn, flour, bran, oats, potatoes, barley, and so on, varied, and depended mainly on the seller's will.

Thus, even today, a quarter of wheat varies from 486 to 588 pounds, and a quarter of oats from 304 to 528 pounds.

In Scotland there is a mysterious thing known as a "boll," which varies even more than the English quarter. If grass is being sold a boll weighs 96 pounds, but a boll of barley is 224 pounds, a boll of wheat 252 pounds, and a boll of oats 320 pounds—all of which leaves us wondering if there is any answer to the question, What is a boll?

But agriculturists have at last succeeded in prevailing on the Ministry of Agriculture to help in putting an end to this chaos, and a Bill is shortly to be introduced by a private member of Parliament making the sale of agricultural produce legal only in terms of hundredweights of 112 pounds.

This then will be the new unit of weight for farmers.

## MOUNT EDITH CAVELL

### Heroine's Mighty Monument

How many C.N. readers who have seen the beautiful Cavell monument in London know that in Canada there stands another monument to the heroic nurse, a monument that towers over two miles into the clouds?

It is one of the mightiest of the peaks in the Canadian Rockies which has been given the name of Mount Edith Cavell by the Dominion Government.

Its base is covered with countless varieties of beautiful wild flowers, and clinging to its slope is a tremendous glacier in the form of a cross.

When the London monument shall have crumbled into dust this mighty tribute of the Canadian Dominion will still rear its head among the clouds.

## DOG WINS A MEDAL

### Great Dane Decorated for Sagacity

A Cheshire gentleman named Richards was walking along a dark lane at night when a fierce gale was blowing, and a motor-car came rushing along unheard.

Another moment and the car would have been on him. But his faithful dog, a Great Dane, saw the danger, rushed up to his master, and thrust him aside into the hedge, unhurt.

He could not, however, himself escape, but was struck by the car and severely lacerated.

Happily, the brave dog has lived to be decorated for his sagacity with the bronze medal of the National Canine Defence League.

One hopes he is clever enough to feel that he has honour among men.

#### MY MAGAZINE VOLUMES

A few bound volumes of My Magazine for 1920 can be supplied, and as the demand is sure to be very great it will be advisable for readers who desire to obtain copies to write at once.

The price of the cloth-bound volume is 18s. 10d., plus 1s. for postage, and the leather-bound volume is 22s. 6d., plus 1s. for postage.

Letters asking for volumes should enclose postal orders, and be addressed My Magazine Volume, 7 and 9, Pilgrim Street, London, E.C. 4.

## CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

### THE BOY WITH GRIT

### A Fine Motto for Scouts

#### TRUE SECRET OF SUCCESS

"Stick to it" is one of the most important mottoes the Scouts have. Scouting very quickly shows whether a boy is going to be a manly fellow or a "rotter."

The rotter joins the Scouts for the sake of swaggering about in uniform and getting a good tea now and then, and when he is asked to go out in bad weather or gets tired of the novelty he chucks it.

The right sort joins in order to be able to do something for his country and for other people as well as to enjoy the Scout's life himself. When difficulties come and he finds it hard to attend parades or to pass his tests for badges, and so on, he does not chuck it up; he grits his teeth and grins and "sticks to it."

That is the sort of fellow I like. That is the stuff that the true Scout is made of—and he showed it over and over again in the Great War. Stick to it, and you will make a success of your life.

#### The Reward of Industry

Nothing is impossible, remember, if you make up your mind to do it. Many a great man who is alive today began as a poor and unknown boy with no help besides his own will and pluck. Sir William Arrol, who died a few years ago, began like that. At nine years old he went to work as a piecer in a cotton factory, and a few years later became apprenticed to a blacksmith.

He worked hard and well and was very steady, so that at the age of 23 he found himself foreman in a big boiler works in Glasgow.

Like a Scout, he was thrifty, and in five years of this employment he saved up £85 of his wages and started a business of his own with it. At first he made boilers and girders, and then, as the business grew bigger, he took up the more important work of bridge-building.

#### True Secret of Success

Steadily he worked at this. He met with disappointments and failures, of course, but he would not give in to them; and when things looked their worst he kept a smiling face and stuck to it.

For these reasons he obtained good contracts for building bridges, and soon enlarged his business into a very big one. Among others, the great Tay Bridge and the bridge over the Forth in Scotland are his work.

He died a rich and highly respected man, but in the height of his power he never forgot that he began as a poor boy, and he always did what he could to help other poor boys to win their way to success.

But he used to say that success depended mainly upon the boy himself. If a boy stuck to his work and was determined to get on he would succeed.

#### Stick to It

But if he merely dabbled at one thing and then another, and wasted his time in amusements and could not stick it out when luck seemed against him, that boy would be a failure, and would probably go on being a failure all his life.

That is why by being a Scout you have every chance of being a success in life, since scouting teaches you to be active and enduring, to be trustworthy and obedient, to be thrifty and to learn handicrafts.

But any boy, whether he be a Scout or not, can be successful if only he carries out in his lessons or in his work the motto of the Scout—"Stick to it."

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### MAN WHO MADE RUSSIA GREAT

#### Most Famous English Doctor

### MASTER STATESMAN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

March 27. Peter the Great founded Petrograd 1703  
28. Laplace born at Beaumont-en-Auge . . . 1749  
29. Swendsenborg died in London . . . 1772  
30. Sicilian Vespers at Palermo . . . 1282  
31. Descartes born at La Haye . . . 1596  
April 1. William Harvey born at Folkestone . 1578  
2. Mirabeau died in Paris . . . 1791

#### Peter the Great

WHEN Peter I, called the Great, founded on the River Neva the city now known as Petrograd, and made it his capital, he brought his country into the circle of the European Powers.

From boyhood Peter had been in love with the sea. Ships sailed through his dreams. As a young man, though a Tsar, he learned how to build and sail a ship, and took command of a vessel he had helped to build with his own hands after working as a shipbuilder in Holland and England.

Russia then did not reach the Baltic Sea. She was cut off from it by Sweden, which ranked as one of the great countries. By war Peter gave his country an open seaway to western countries.

Though he was the most forceful man who has played a part in Russian history, and by the effects of his energy in rousing Russia deserves perhaps the title Great, he was a man of strong passions and cruel disposition.

His son and heir died in prison, after receiving forty strokes with the knout for disloyalty. Many of his schemes were good, but toward men who opposed him he was a savage tyrant.

#### Dr. William Harvey

WILLIAM HARVEY, doctor to King James I and King Charles I, physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London, and lecturer at the College of Physicians, was one of the Englishmen who have won fame in all lands.

It was as a lecturer at the hospital that he made known his discovery of the circulation of the blood through both the veins and the arteries of human and animal bodies, but years passed before he published his discovery in a book.

In ancient times men knew that blood kept moving through the veins, but before Harvey's experiments they did not understand how the heart received it from the lungs, sent it to the lungs, received it again from the lungs purified by the air, and then forced it back into every part of the body.

It was this round of circulation that Harvey made known—one of the greatest discoveries ever achieved by man.

#### Mirabeau

THE French Count of Mirabeau was the master statesman of the French Revolution, and one of the problems of history is to imagine what would have happened if he had lived.

But, most unfortunately, he died about two years after the Revolution broke out, and then no one was left wise enough to foresee, or powerful enough to prevent, the Revolution, which had been good at first, becoming terrible, cruel, and largely a failure.

Mirabeau had visited England and Holland, and understood how government by the people might be just.

His force of mind and character made him a great power, and his appeals to the Royal Family of France on the one hand, and to the people on the other hand, gave promise of the establishment of sound government without wrong.

His death was followed by years of confusion and horror, from which, apparently, he might have saved France.

In his youth Mirabeau had been wild and reckless, but the needs of his country inspired him to splendid deeds and work and eloquence. He was the one statesman capable of saving France worthily in her hour of danger.



Owing to the high cost of fuel-oil and the great difficulty in obtaining it, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has decided to convert its oil-burning locomotives on the Rocky Mountain division of their line into coal-burners.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 26 1921

## Crazy Legions

WHAT is wrong with the world? Many things; and to put them right is the business of our lives.

One of the noblest men who ever lived, John Stuart Mill, could not bear the thought of the millennium because he could not imagine a world of moral idleness. In those wonderful letters of a child published in My Magazine not long ago the little writer of ten says to her brother:

You and I have lived too late, for every one is reformed . . . and I can't think what there is for us to do.

She, also, was frightened by the idea of moral idleness.

But the best thing about life is this—that the more we make the world better the wider grows the prospect of making it better still. Our marching orders are for no summer campaign. We are to be perfect, even as our Heavenly Father is perfect. We march on a road that has no end.

At the beginning of this eternal campaign let us ask ourselves how we are marching. Is it as an army or a mob? This is a question of great importance.

When we play a game we first elect a captain for our side, and then follow him into the field to do what he tells us.

In the great struggle on the Thames between Oxford and Cambridge we see young men at the top of their strength who obediently eat to order, drink to order, exercise to order, and in their final tussle implicitly obey the oarsman called Stroke. But in Battersea Park we stand and laugh at boys in boats who are all pulling at sixes and sevens, splashing each other, and bumping into other boats.

*We cannot have anything first-class without obedience to authority.*

One of the main things wrong with the world just now is mobbishness. There are too many crazy legions. We are not marching as a disciplined army. We have no officers; we obey no orders. Every man is a law to himself. There is a revolt against Authority, and this means anarchy.

What would happen to the Boy Scouts if they behaved in this way? What would happen on the football field if players behaved like this? We have only to ask this question to see that discipline is the first essential of success.

The highest discipline of all is the inward discipline of our hearts; we must be loyal to the Captain of our Salvation. The second discipline is the discipline of our minds to the Authorities we ourselves elect to make the world better; we must be loyal to the captains we choose.

If we really want a better world let us choose captains we can trust to lead us forward, and let us follow them to the death.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Dormitory

WE all know how a shilling can be so worn that it is almost impossible to see the image and superscription. It is exactly the same with truth.

One of the most curious things about the human mind is the way in which it wears the language of a great truth out of all meaning, so that when the truth is one day presented to us in new language we exclaim: "How wonderful! He who said that was a genius."

A philosopher has said that the most awful and interesting truths lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul side by side with despised and exploded errors.

That is one of the dangers of repetition. A truth repeated in the same words so dulls the attention that it slips into the dormitory of the soul and ceases to be alert and active in our minds. We miss its meaning.

There is no better mental exercise than casting about for fresh words and new metaphors to express a great truth.

We may see how familiarity puts an idea to sleep when we reflect that the most tremendous word in the world, the word God, is often lightly used, sometimes to point an exclamation in a comic play or to round off a vulgar oath. Imagine it!

If you would be a thinker and not a dreamer keep the great words of truth out of your dormitory. Cling to their meaning.

## The Best of the Best

GOETHE once met a man in Strassburg who taught him "that we are put in this world for the purpose of being useful in it; that we are capable of making ourselves so; . . . and that the most useful man is the best."

Now, this is good as far as it goes; but what a problem it presents to us—better than all the acrostics and charades in the world!

Sit down, take a pencil, and write out a list of names that you think should be on the roll of Useful Men.

You will be surprised to find what worlds of thought open before you.

For example, is George Stephenson to be considered a more useful person than Plato or Handel? Would you put Marconi above or below Shakespeare? Who has been most useful to humanity, Sir Walter Scott or Pasteur?

In some ways the man who gave us the motor-car and the steamer is more useful than the man who gives us a great picture or a beautiful poem. Christopher Columbus, we may say, did infinitely more for mankind than Charles Lamb.

But wait a moment. We can admire Christopher Columbus; but can you take him to your heart?

He is a useful man, let us not forget, who teaches us to love our fellow-creatures and to see good in everything. He, too, discovers for us a new world.

## A Schoolboy's Answer

ALL of us are inclined to judge things from our own special point of view, a tendency shown by a hungry London lad who was being examined at school on Scripture.

The inspector was asking questions on the case of the proud Pharisee and the humble sinner.

The Pharisee fasted thrice a week and gave tithes of all he possessed, while the sinner made no such claim. "Why was the Pharisee wrong?" asked the examiner.

"Because he didn't have three good meals when he might have had them," was the hungry boy's reply.

## Tip-Cat

A SCHOOL for waiters has been opened in Brussels. They will practise by attending to the multiplication table.

Not in the Army List: Hat Guards.

An actress finds it easier to cry on the stage than on the screen. But the screen makes a better handkerchief.

A RUSSIAN anatomist claims that he can make living bodies transparent. It is easy already to see through many people.

THE ex-Kaiser is now interested in collecting coins. In these difficult days, who is not?

ALL nations on earth are in agreement that disarmament is a good thing for the other nations.

THE Government is said to have had a narrow squeak. Like the rest of us it must have been feeling the pinch.

A CORRESPONDENT would like to see prices remain at their present level. He shrinks from seeing us in reduced circumstances.

## The Costly Egg

ONE of the effects of the high price of food is written large, for all the world to see, and railway porters in particular, in the newest boxes that carry the costly hen's egg by rail.

Once upon a time it was thought to be sufficient to label the boxes "Eggs. With care." Now the plea is much more urgent, for it runs, "Valuable Eggs. With Great Care."

## A Prayer for the Light of Day

JOYFUL, joyful, we adore Thee,  
God of glory, Lord of love;  
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee,  
Praising Thee, their Sun above.  
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness,  
Drive the dark of doubt away;  
Giver of immortal gladness,  
Fill us with the light of day!

HENRY VAN DYKE

## Song of the War Men

By Harold Begbie

The League of Nations has many enemies, says Lord Robert Cecil, one of its best friends. There are the armament makers, the militarists, the profiteers, and all who profit and wax fat on the misery of the world.

CHEER up, you moping vultures,

Rouse up, you beasts of prey,  
We're building whacking warships,

We're arming every day:  
We haven't learned our lesson,  
We've murder on the brain;  
The old still go for money  
And the young still die in vain.

CHEER up; the League of Nations

Has not caught on as yet;  
We're quarrelling like monkeys,  
We're piling up our debt;  
You would not think to see us  
'Twas but the other day  
That millions of young heroes  
Were blown like smoke away.

You need not mope and mutter,  
You won't have long to wait;

It's hard to love a neighbour,  
Far easier to hate;  
We haven't got the spirit  
To rise above the beast;  
Hold hard a little longer,  
And you shall have your feast.

## Proverb of the Day



To a Well-dressed Profiteer:  
A gay coat does not make a gentleman

## The Real Thing

By Our Country Girl

THE furniture van was like a Noah's ark—such wonderful things came out of it! Here came a screen encrusted with mother o' pearl, here the portrait of a Cavalier, and here a doll's house.

Four or five little children had gathered at our front gate to watch. They had chubby red cheeks, but their clothes were old and much patched. Their eyes shone, and they exclaimed loudly, "O-o! Look at that! Lor', what a funny old chump!" The last remark referred to the distinguished Cavalier.

On the other side of the gate stood the small owner of the toys which were now being unloaded. She whispered to me, "Poor little fings! Do you fink they've got any toys?"

Did he overhear, or did he see pity in her eyes and resent it with sturdy Anglo-Saxon self-respect? In any case, a bullet-headed youth, who might stand two feet high in his socks, exclaimed loudly to a young friend:

"Well, what if it is a rocking-horse? My Dad drives a real horse. He's"—oh, the brag of the tone!—"he's an Urban District dustman!"



## DR. SLUG

AND WHAT HE CAN CURE  
Roman Scholar and British  
Soldier Who Believed in Him  
MEN WHO KEPT SNAIL FARMS

A soldier at Willesden, suffering from tuberculosis, has refused the offer of treatment in a sanatorium on the ground that he is taking white slugs, which he believes to be the only cure for consumption.

Well, old Pliny, the marvellous scholar of old Rome who perished at Pompeii, would have said to him, "Quite right, noble Briton, quite right; the best things for coughs and consumption are slugs; only remember to eat an odd number of them at each sitting." That was his prescription.

Snails and slugs have been food, and regarded as medicine by mankind, for thousands of years. They have their place in classical literature; they have their hungry and ailing consumers in many parts of England and Wales, to say nothing of the Continent, today.

## Slaves to Catch Snails

Snail-culture was a high art with the Romans, who farmed them as we farm poultry. Varro, whom Cicero called the most learned of the Romans, startled the world with a brilliant idea about snails. This friend and foe of Caesar, who entrusted him with the formation of his great public library, gave the Mistress of the World this tremendous plan: "Surround the snailery with a ditch, and so save the expense of a special slave to catch the runaway snails."

Pliny went into ecstasies over the snail-art of a gentleman of Tarquinum who had four kinds of snails, sleek, slimy, and lustrous, saying, "The glory of his art was carried to such an extent that a single snail-shell was capable of holding 80 sixpenny-pieces."

Today neither modern Roman nor modern Briton farms snails with such noble ardour, yet we may note that when a famous French vineyard was cleared of these luxuries some years ago, the numbers captured filled vessels capable of holding no less than 240 gallons.

## Strange Food for Lent

But snails are a choice food specially permitted during Lent by the Roman Catholic Church; and all slugs were regarded by ancient naturalists as young snails not yet grown to the dignity of a shell; so that, doubtless, slugs formed part of the old trade in snails at Covent Garden, where snails were sold at sixpence a quart for consumptives and weakly children.

Every country doctor probably knows of the persistent faith of people—and not poor people alone—in slugs as a cure for consumption, and of their use, with snails, for such troubles as ague, corns, affections of the eye, scurvy, fevers, pleurisy, asthma, dropsy, rheumatism, whitlows, headache, and burns.

The slug most esteemed is that to which this Willesden soldier hitches his faith; it is the little white slug that we find on the edge of the lawn or in hedge bottoms after rain. There may be a food value in snails; Pliny once prepared a menu including three snails per man, but as a consumption cure they are probably as useless as the horse-shoe for a charm.

## MOVING ROADWAYS FOR PARIS

Paris Municipal Council is considering the creation of three miles of underground moving pavement. There would be a number of ways, the slowest next to a stationary platform and the fastest outside, so that travellers could get on to the express way by stages.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

3,427,650 persons now draw £1,785,000 a week from the Ministry of Pensions. The number of people killed in the recent earthquake in China was over a quarter of a million.

## The Nation's Drink Bill

The national drink bill for 1920 was £469,000,000, an increase of £83,000,000 over 1919, and £303,000,000 over 1913.

## A Farthing a Day

An old-age pensioner by saving a farthing a day was able to hand the vicar of St. Paul's, Bath, an Easter offering of 7s. 9d., which she insisted upon his accepting.

## A Winter Haunt of Wasps

While a house at Kilve, in Somerset, was undergoing spring cleaning sixteen queen wasps were found hibernating in window curtains and behind pictures.

Shoes are now being made from the skins of pythons, lizards, and apes.

Denmark's population, according to the new census, is 3,268,807, an increase of 347,537 over 1916.

## A Flying Ambulance

An aeroplane fitted to carry four stretcher cases has just been completed and will be used solely as an ambulance.

## Light Made to Bend

At the Royal Institution Sir Ernest Rutherford bent a powerful ray of light by holding a magnet to the glass tube through which the light passed.

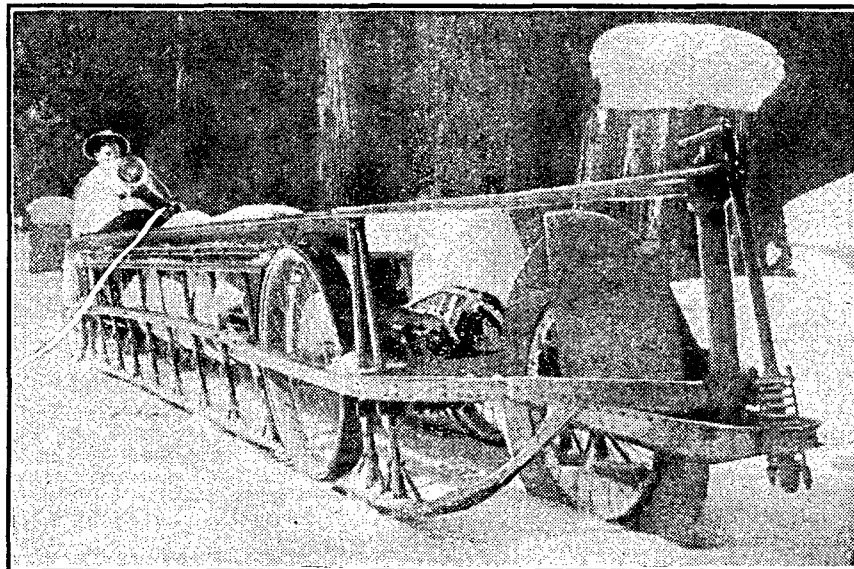
## Millions of Bibles

The British and Foreign Bible Society has now distributed over 300 million Bibles and parts of the Bible translated into 528 different languages.

## THINGS OLD &amp; NEW IN THE FROZEN NORTH



The old method of travelling with Eskimo dogs



The new method, with a motor sledge fitted with caterpillar wheels

The old-fashioned method of travelling in the frozen north by means of sledges drawn by dogs is beginning to give place to the new transport by motor sledge fitted with caterpillar wheels

## WHY THERE ARE NO SALMON IN THE THAMES

IN "good Queen Bess's glorious day"—less glorious in reality than in the song—and for many days afterwards salmon used to be caught in the Thames above London; but it is long since such fish ventured up the river.

The reason is, so people say, that the river is polluted; and in a way that is true, but by no means in the way they mean, for the Thames was very badly polluted in the ordinary sense in the days when London was built on its banks, and yet the salmon used to come up.

The actual reason is altogether different, as Mr. J. H. Caste recently explained in the Streetfield Memorial Lecture. Fish, like ourselves, have to breathe oxygen to live, and the oxygen supplied to them is dissolved in the water they take in through their gills. When water is near freezing-point it contains nearly three times as much

oxygen as when it is at the ordinary temperature of the air, and if water grows much warmer than that the oxygen in it decreases so rapidly that fish are hardly able to find enough of it to keep them alive.

That is why fish show such symptoms of distress in very shallow-water in very warm weather.

The fish of the salmon tribe want oxygen even more than some of their fellows. When they try to come up the Thames they encounter near Barking, owing to the sewage outfall (which is sterilised, and not in the ordinary sense polluted), a zone of water which has very little oxygen in it. It acts as a barrier to them, and they cannot, or will not, pass it from the sea or to the sea.

That is the true reason why the Thames is no longer a salmon river, as it was in the days of old.

## RICH MAN'S TEMPLE

## LITTLE PALACE BY THE THAMES

## The Most Beautiful Office Ever Built in London

## POOR BOY'S FORTUNE

Over a hundred years ago, in a village in Baden called Walldorf, a little boy might have been seen running bare-foot about the streets. That little boy was Johann Jakob Astor, destined to become John Jacob Astor, the American millionaire.

When he was older he emigrated to the United States, and there, by trapping fur animals and investing his savings in land round New York, he accumulated a large fortune. John Jacob, however, never forgot his native village in Baden, for he bought the house in which he was born and endowed it as a children's home.

A great-grandson of this John Jacob came over to England thirty years ago, and, settling down here, became Lord Astor. He had inherited extensive property, and he acquired more, so that it was necessary for him to have an office from which to administer his estates.

## Fair Palace of Fine Arts

His idea, in planning the Astor Estate Office, was to erect a building which would not be large or pretentious, but would be as perfect in art and craftsmanship as money and skill could make it. Nothing was to be done hurriedly or inefficiently; "he nothing common did or mean." The best brains and the best hands were employed to erect a masterpiece of English workmanship which would stand for centuries by the Thames, the most beautiful office in London.

Let us mount the steps and enter by the carved bronze doors. Leaving the clerk's office on the right, we come to the private apartments, a veritable fairy palace of rare woods and precious stones, where bad art and shoddy workmanship are unknown.

## Masters of Many Nations

The floor of the big hall is a wonderful mosaic of jasper, porphyry, onyx, and rare marbles, and the great staircase which leads up to an ebony-pillared gallery above is of solid Spanish mahogany. The spirit of literature pervades the dim hall, lighted only by a skylight of stained glass, for on the stairs we meet—as statuettes in wood—our old friends Athos, Porthos, and Aramis from the novel by Dumas.

The same spirit dominates the gallery, for just above the pillars are figures representing characters from famous American novels. Rip van Winkle is there with his little dog Schneider, and the solitary and picturesque figure of The Last of the Mohicans, crowned with the Red Indian headdress. As a final touch the frieze beneath the skylight contains scenes from Shakespeare's plays.

## Robin Hood in a London Office

We pass on to a great, open-roofed room panelled in rare cedar wood, its door inlaid with silver gilt, and its secret panel concealing a burglar-proof strong room. Round the top of the walls are figures of familiar friends from Sir Walter Scott. Merry Robin Hood and fat Friar Tuck, with Rowena and Ivanhoe, look down from their lofty height. Another hidden door leads to the satin-wood library, and across the gallery is the bedroom, with its wonderful tapestries and four-post bed.

It is nearly thirty years since the Astor Estate Office was built, but everything is as fresh today as then. The building is now for sale, but it is likely to stand as long as any of us remain. Do not the Three Musketeers on the staircase and old John Jacob in his frame over the carved mantelpiece remind us eloquently of the truth of the old saying:

By hammer and hand all things shall stand?



## CAN PEAT REPLACE COAL AND OIL?

### A COSTLY EXPERIMENT

Romantic Story of a Mad Man of Science

### GENIUS LOST TO THE WORLD

Nearly £400,000 has been spent in a bold attempt to extract light and fuel from peat so as to make us more or less independent of coal and oil, but the attempt has failed and the money has been lost.

The shareholders in the venture include Cabinet Ministers, famous scientists, and other distinguished people, and a former Prime Minister is said to have lost £60,000.

It is not surprising that an attempt to utilise peat on a large scale should have been made, for there are inexhaustible supplies in Ireland and Scotland, and peat contains a very large proportion of valuable oils and other substances, which, if they could be extracted economically, could provide all the fuel, petrol, and manure that the country needs. Industry would be completely revolutionised, and coal and oil troubles would be solved.

### A Great Inventor

It was a fascinating prospect, especially as a process of producing the oils and other substances from the peat had actually been invented by a Swedish scientist; but to carry out experiments in a laboratory, or on a small scale, and to work a process on a large scale as a paying commercial industry are often different things. One may be a great success and the other prove a failure, and that is what has happened in connection with the peat.

The Swede who invented the process which was being followed by the company that has just failed was an extraordinary man, and his story is both a great romance and a sad tragedy. He was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable geniuses that practical science has produced in recent times. He was always inventing new and better ways of doing things, and made a large fortune. Several of his discoveries in connection with soap-making and various other industries are now being used, and are resulting in the saving of hundreds of thousands of pounds a year.

### Working Night and Day

Nothing seemed to come amiss to his genius. He would study one industry and then another, and when he found some process or commodity which he thought he could improve he would devote himself to it night and day for months at a stretch, doing with very little sleep. He had his own laboratories and a staff of skilled assistants, and the discoveries he made have been of the greatest service to the world. Some of his processes he sold for £200,000.

But this extraordinary genius had one peculiarity, which eventually proved his downfall. When anyone offended him he had a curious and unpleasant habit of sending them a bomb by post. He lived and worked in England, but, so far as we know, this strange trick of his was practised only in Sweden when he visited his country for a holiday.

### World's Loss and Gain

Several Swedes lost their lives mysteriously through these anonymous bombs. For a long time the scientist remained undetected, and then one day he was traced by a mark left by him on a sheet of paper in a hotel. The Swedish Government asked the British Government for his extradition, and he was arrested and put in prison in London. But while awaiting trial he killed himself.

It was an amazing tragedy, and while the world was well rid of a dangerous criminal, it lost at the same time a remarkable genius who had done it infinite service.

## THE BOY WHO WHISTLED TO HEAVEN

We are moved to give this extract from a translation of a story told in Yiddish by Skalom Ash, and reproduced in the *Zionist Review*. How many a boy has thus given thanks in the fields to the "God who created him nimble and light of limb"?

In the dew-sprinkled sea of green grass he lay hidden, tending his sheep.

He was called Yashik. Everyone knew he was an ignoramus. His father, Isaac the milkman, was in despair about him, for he would not be able to say even the mourner's prayer for him.

"Go and teach a donkey," said the teacher, shaking his head. And the mother looked at her son, and groaned.

No one even asked Yashik to take a prayer-book in his hand. Pray? He, Yashik, to pray?

### In the Far-Off City

And yet Yashik realised the presence of God according to his understanding, and felt Him in his heart. He saw God wherever he turned his eyes.

And God did not dwell in the sky. There was no need for Yashik to lift his face to the sky to see Him. No, he imagined that God dwelt somewhere far off, in a great city.

But at times, when the sky was clear and bright, and rested dreamily in a blue, flowing veil, and the grass grew peacefully, rooted itself deep in the earth and gazed quietly into the heavens, and there, on the opposite side, stood the old forest, and, overhead, the sky also stretched away and drooped down, lower and lower, until it rested on the earth . . . when he, Yashik, sat on the threshold of the penfold, and looked . . . at such times he thought that God had run away from the overlords and the noblemen, and had come out into the meadow, had stretched Himself on the grass, and was waiting.

And Yashik desired to thank and praise the Lord for all this.

### The Big Men in Ribbons

There were times when he wished to walk and walk until he would come to the big city where God dwelt, where His palace was.

"I will go and kiss God's hand," he thought.

He thought he could reach God's palace. But outside of it were Swiss footmen, big men in blue ribbons, yellow, turned-down top-boots, and red coats, would drive him away.

And, immediately, he thought that one need not go away, that God was in the open field, that the Swiss attendants were guarding an empty palace, without God.

"God, faithful King!" the teacher taught him from the prayer-book, and he imagined that "God, faithful King," was a sort of magic incantation which, when one repeated it, made the

attendants let one into God's palace. But he had another sort of prayer to God—a prayer without words, a prayer which grew in his heart and filled his whole being to overflowing, and which tore itself forth in a whistle. When he wished to pray he placed his fingers in his mouth, pursed out his lips, and blew a deep breath. And the prayer echoed through the whole world, and God understood him—understood that prayer very well.

Now it was coming towards the great festival. The teacher worked very hard in order that Yashik might, at least, know the night prayer, so they might be able to take him to the town, to the synagogue. In honour of the festival they bought for Yashik a new cloth suit of clothes, a pair of boots, and a new hat. Let him say the night prayer at least.

The synagogue was packed. Everyone, old and young, was dressed in white, their praying-shawls about their heads. The whole congregation shook to and fro, calling and praying, louder and louder every minute.

### Over Against the Singers

And Yashik stood, dressed in his cloth suit. He stood still. All at once he moved forward, pushed his way towards the ark, and took up a position to one side, over against the cantor, or leader, of the singers. The prayer-book his father had given him so that people might, at least, imagine he was praying, slipped out of his hand. He stood staring with wide-open eyes.

Several good fellows noticed Yashik. One winked to the other, indicating his presence, laughing silently. One went over to him, and flicked him on the nose. He neither heard nor felt anything. He stood staring, now at the cantor, and now at the wailing Jews. Presently he saw the white cover, with the big, gold lettering, which hung in front of the ark.

"God is surely there, at this moment, under the cover," thought Yashik within himself.

Yashik stood and stared. Everyone wept, everyone prayed, and called unto the Lord. Yashik, too, desired to do these things.

### The Sharp Whistling

He, also, wanted to pray to God. He, also, desired, not to weep nor to wail, but only to thank and praise the Lord; to thank Him for everything.

He snatched up the prayer-book, opened it at the night prayer, and began:

"God, faithful King," but this prayer was not to his liking. It was only a phrase, a dry phrase . . .

He wished to thank the Lord from his very heart.

He placed his fingers in his mouth, and a sharp whistling cut through the wailing synagogue.

## A SPLENDID USE FOR OLD SHIPS

Dr. Dingwall Fordyce has been talking sound sense at Liverpool on a subject that everyone should think about.

They need a children's hospital there, and grieve that they cannot have it because they have only £10,000 in hand to build it with.

But the doctor points out that bricks and mortar are not at all a necessary part of a hospital. If someone would give an old ship to anchor out in a quiet place he would be quite satisfied with it as a hospital, providing sufficient shelter and plentiful fresh air.

During the war, when hospitals were urgently needed, they were quickly and cheaply supplied, and served their pur-

pose well. In some cases it is not well that hospitals should be built to last too long.

It may be the same with schools. There are millions of pounds' worth of school buildings standing where they are not needed and badly designed for teaching purposes.

The reason is that 50 years ago there was a craze for spending too much on schoolrooms that would last too long.

Fine buildings are a pleasure to see if they are suitable for their true use and do not keep mistakes alive. But in many cases they are sheer waste, delaying good work, and piling up a burden of quite unnecessary debt.

## HOMES FOR THE BIRDS

### WHERE TO PLACE A NESTING-BOX

### Joy of Watching a Bird Family

### KEEPING OFF THE CATS AND MICE

A number of C.N. readers have written asking what form nesting-boxes for the birds should take, and where they should be fixed in the garden to insure that they will be occupied.

There is no standard form of nesting-box. Any dry, wooden box with a slanting roof for the rain to run off is suitable. The roof should be hinged to form a lid, so that when the box is occupied it may be opened gently and inspected from time to time.

Few sights are more delightful than a young family of birds in the nest, and this we may see to perfection in a nesting-box. It is not too late even now to put up the boxes, although it is much better to do this earlier so that they become weathered, as the birds will then take to them much more readily.

### Foes of the Birds

The box should have a small round hole in front varying in size according to the bird which it is desired to attract, but it is astonishing how small a hole a comparatively large bird can get through.

With regard to the position in which the box should be fixed, this does not matter very much provided it is not a situation which is accessible to cats, rats, mice, or other climbing animals. Generally the birds are wise enough to recognise the danger of such a situation and leave the box severely alone. Occasionally, however, they use the home in a risky position, with the result that their eggs are eaten or their young destroyed.

A bare tree trunk, a wall, or any such place that cannot be reached by animals is suitable, and the box may be placed by the side of a window for easy inspection. In no case, however, should it be too near the ground. Boxes will be occupied in towns as well as in the open country.

### The Tiny Doorway

Where there is any likelihood of cats, rats, weasels, and other preying creatures, a sheet of zinc placed slanting-wise some distance above and below the box will act as sufficient protection.

By far the greater proportion of boxes will be occupied by tits—blue tits, great tits, and sometimes coal tits; and delightful birds they are. Remember, if you want these amusing little birds, the entrance hole must not be made bigger than a man's thumb can pass through without touching, for the inmate of a box is largely determined by the size of the entrance.

Starlings are very fond of nesting-boxes, and will sometimes occupy a box and begin to build a nest within an hour of the box being fixed up. For these birds a perch should be fitted outside the box, but for tits and robins such a convenience is not needed.

### Protection from the Weather

It is important that the box should be sheltered from the driving rain, and a north aspect is best because least rain comes from that direction and protection is afforded from the direct rays of the sun.

In no case put the box near the place where you have your bird table, as that is a scene of much strife, and nesting birds need peace and quiet for their family responsibilities.

Of course inmates cannot be guaranteed for a nesting-box, but if your box is suitable and well placed and is not occupied this season leave it in position, and you may have better success next year. If successful, do not make the mistake of frightening the birds by inspecting them too often.



## THE WEEK IN NATURE

Rook Lays Its Eggs  
EARWIGS & WIREWORMS  
WALK OUT

By Our Country Correspondent

March 27. Earwigs, which are now to be seen walking out on sunny days, are a great nuisance in the garden; but they are, nevertheless, interesting creatures and repay careful study. Many people have no idea that earwigs have wings; but, as a matter of fact, their wings are large and very beautiful.

March 28. Another bane of the gardener's life is the notorious wireworm, which is beginning to appear just now. It gets its name from its wire-like appearance and its tough, hard skin. So strong is this that an iron roller passing over the creature does it no harm. Moles are great eaters of wireworms.

March 29. The rook, which has been so busy building its nest of sticks and twigs in the high trees, is now laying its four or five eggs—green, with brownish-green blotches and spots; and we shall soon see the interesting colony augmented by numbers of young birds.

March 30. The toad, which may easily be distinguished from the frog by its warty skin, clumsy build, short hind-legs, and swollen eyes, is now spawning like the frog in the water. The tadpoles are darker in hue than those of the frog.

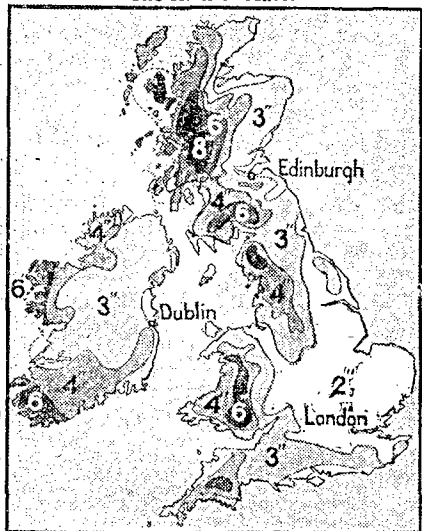
March 31. Town dwellers, hearing the green woodpecker's voice for the first time, often think the ringing ha-ha-ha is the laughter of some half-witted yokel. It is a rather disconcerting sound when heard in a lonely wood for the first time. Now is the time to listen for it.

April 1. Few butterflies are more easily recognised than the large and small tortoiseshells which are often seen on the wing on sunny days in March. These are last year's butterflies which have hibernated and been awakened by the warm sunshine.

April 2. The common gnat, now appearing on the wing, is a very familiar object of the countryside, and a great nuisance it is. It is only the female, however, that annoys us; and the Rev. J. G. Wood, the famous naturalist, tells us how he lost the use of his right hand for a week through a gnat bite.

## C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Rain of March



This map shows the average rainfall in inches for different areas during the month of March.

## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Remove pots from sea-kale as the crop is taken, and place them over other plants to blanch a succession. Also sow for a supply of young plants, or make cuttings six inches long, and plant in rich soil eight inches apart.

To rear for forcing or for new plantations take up those sown in the previous March and plant two feet apart.

Sow radishes for succession, also turnips of any early variety. In warm localities many half-hardy plants that have occupied cold frames during the winter may be planted out, also carnations, pentstemons, and other plants. Plant out sweet peas raised in pots.

SURPRISE OF AN  
OLD STALLWhat Robert Browning  
Found on OneTHE OLD YELLOW BOOK AND  
WHAT HE MADE OF IT

Someone bought an old picture in Clerkenwell Market for sixpence the other day, and on getting it home heard a ringing on the floor, and saw that two hidden sovereigns had clattered out. Such are the odd surprises of an old stall or an old shop.

Robert Browning once went ferreting among old picture frames, not in Clerkenwell, but in Florence. On the stall were old picture frames, chipped fragments of mirrors, bronze angel-heads "once attached to chests, and handled when ancient dames chose forth brocade," drawings modern and old, cracked and foolish busts, stones, moth-eaten tapestries, and a vast medley of debris from things of better days.

And, finally, there was a little old yellow book in crumpled vellum covers, part print, part manuscript. And the poet says: "Stall!" cried I. A lira made it mine.

Browning bought the book for eightpence, and paid enough for it as values in that shoddy rag-fair went; he paid eightpence and converted the material into something rich and rare, into something that will be precious beyond price as long as our English language lasts.

## The Ring and the Book

He wore an old ring, and he tells us the story of its making: how by the Roman goldsmith's cunning art the soft metal which light friction would wear away was transformed into a thing of enduring beauty. Now the old yellow eightpenny book became Browning's raw material, his untouched gold, and by his genius he did for it what the workmen had done with the gold—he gave us, from that unpromising raw material, a thing of enduring splendour, humanity, and beauty. From that little yellow book he wrote an immense and majestic poem of over 20,000 lines.

The contents of the book were the details of an Italian trial of 200 years before, a tragedy of dishonesty, passion, and dreadful crime.

Pure crude fact  
Secreted from man's life when hearts  
beat hard,  
And brains, high-blooded, ticked two  
centuries since.

When he had ended he thought of his little ring and its making; he thought of the contents of his eightpenny book and of his golden art upon it; and he called the poem which he had made "The Ring and the Book."

## WHAT IS WORK?

Opinion of Charles Darwin's  
Cook

There are millions of people who think that the only kind of activity that can be properly called work is that which needs muscular exertion.

The cook of Charles Darwin, one of the greatest workers who ever lived, held that narrow view.

In a recent book it is told how she once felt it her duty to inform Mrs. Darwin, and say: "I do believe master would take his food better if he had something to do. Idle folks is never hungry."

"But," said Mrs. Darwin, "he works far too hard, and is never idle."

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the cook, "but I see him in the garden yesterday with my own eye, a-staring at a leaf for over two hours, and that ain't work, anyhow."

But Darwin's staring at leaves and other similar watchful observation altered the course of the world's thought.

C.N. QUESTION BOX  
Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

## Are Cats Ticklish?

They are certainly sensitive to gentle tickling on the pads of their paws and about the muzzle.

## Do Monkeys Swim Naturally?

A correspondent reminds us that monkeys do not swim naturally, but drown like human beings.

## Are Sea Serpents Extinct?

The ocean has sea snakes, but the existence of the fearsome, enormous sea serpent of legend and travellers' tales has never been proved.

## Where is the Heart of a Fish?

The heart of a fish lies farther forward than that of other backboneed animals, being placed behind and beneath the interior of the last pair of gill-clefts.

## What are the Irides of a Bird?

The irises, or irides, are the muscular curtains which separate the front from the back of the eyes. They are perforated by the pupils to admit light.

## Can Hedgehogs Dig?

Not in the proper sense of the term. They can scratch a way to shelter beneath roots and rubbish, but they cannot burrow like a rabbit, or mine and tunnel like a mole.

## What Should Captive Frogs be Fed On?

Worms and slugs suffice, but no insect comes amiss. The frog should not be kept in water, and its food should be placed on a dry surface, but the cage should contain a vessel of water in which the frog can squat when it desires.

## How Does the Male Linnet's Plumage Differ from the Female's?

In summer the wild male linnet has a crimson breast and forehead; the female never has. Unfortunately this distinction is rarely observable in captivity, for it is only in a state of freedom, as a rule, that the male appears in all his glory.

## Can Foreign Mosquitoes Cause Disease in England?

If a foreign mosquito has absorbed infected matter before it arrives, and then inflicts a bite, it may. If it should be healthy upon arrival, but bites someone suffering from, say, malaria, then again it might spread the disease. The danger is small, though real.

## Why Should a Fisherman Keep Quiet?

If the fisherman can be seen by the fish they are alarmed by his movements; and they may feel vibrations communicated to the water from the land on which he moves. But if they do not see him he may talk as much as he chooses without their being alarmed.

## Do Young Robins Kill their Parents?

When young robins grow up there is a battle for territory, and parents attack the young and the young attack the parents. The birds fight to drive each other away, not to kill. Sometimes a parent may kill one of its offspring, sometimes the young ones may kill the parent, but such battles generally end in the flight of the vanquished.

## Why are Carrots and Radishes Red?

The questioner's perplexity is that the roots are in the soil, out of reach of sunlight. We cannot explain the colours of carrots, whether they be red or yellow, of radishes red or white, of potatoes red, mauve, and yellow. Neither can we understand the vivid colouration of sea animals in the deepest abysses of the ocean where light never penetrates.

## Why Does the Grass Grow?

The grass provides a new meal today for the animal which grazed upon it yesterday, and at the same time the animal grazes down all the seedlings of the larger plants, which would otherwise overshadow and kill the grass. This is how Mr. E. Kay Robinson explains the matter, as will be seen in an interesting article in My Magazine for April on this famous naturalist, who as a boy walked with Darwin. The C.N. monthly, My Magazine, may be obtained at any bookstall.

VENUS OVERTAKING  
THE EARTHTHE CRESCENT OF LIGHT  
GETTING THINNER

## How to See the Sister Planet

WORLD THAT ROTATES ON  
ITS SIDE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Venus is now of the greatest interest to us, though her glory is waning and it will be possible to see her for only another two or three weeks.

Then she will set so soon after the Sun that it will become increasingly difficult to get a glimpse of her without telescopic aid.

The fact is that Venus is very rapidly overtaking the Earth and coming between us and the Sun. At present we are a little in front, speeding along at about 1140 miles a minute, but Venus is covering 1320 miles every minute and gaining rapidly; that is why she is setting so much earlier each evening.

## When Venus is Closest

When, on April 22, she comes almost into line between us and the Sun she will set at almost exactly the same time and will be invisible to us, because, of course, the sunlit half of the planet is on the opposite side. Venus will then be closest to us, 26,000,000 miles away.

Those who own telescopes find it very interesting to watch the crescent of light—which is all we can see of Venus now—gradually getting thinner each evening, while the planet appears to grow so much larger as she comes closer and gets between us and the Sun.

This makes it possible, during the next two or three weeks, for anyone who can obtain a peep at Venus through powerful field-glasses or binoculars to be able to see this lovely world as a crescent. But, unless there is much haze, it will be necessary to get a small piece of glass very lightly smoked, and to hold this between the eye-end of the glasses—that is, between the eye pieces and the eyes. This will cut off the dazzling radiance and permit the tiny crescent of Venus to be seen.

## New Discoveries About Venus

This view has an additional interest for amateurs since it will show how large our Earth would look if seen from the distance of Venus, at present about 33 million miles away; for this planet is almost the same size as the Earth, being 7700 miles in diameter compared with our world's 7918 miles.

Astronomers have been lately concentrating their attention on Venus because of the recent discoveries Professor Pickering claims to have made—that Venus has a day of 68 hours and rotates practically on her side.

This means that the North Pole and South Pole alternately come almost directly under the Sun, to within five degrees, experiencing a heat greater than that of our tropics, which is poured down upon them continuously for several weeks, while the Venusian equator and latitudes rotate from north to south—unlike ours, which rotate from west to east.

## A Year of 225 Days

Anyone living in the equatorial regions of Venus would see the Sun rise in the south and set in the north.

Hitherto there has been much controversy as to whether Venus rotated once in about 23 hours—most generally accepted—or only once in her year of 225 days, which meant that she always had the same face to the Sun. Professor Pickering's discovery may explain how the discrepancies of previous observers arose, for, of course, some markings on Venus, like her Polar Cap, would appear to stand still for a long time, while other of her most indistinct markings would move quickly.

Unfortunately, the intense radiance of Venus confuses observers. G. F. M.



# A MESSAGE FROM SPACE

A Thrilling Story of Flying Adventures  
Telling How Mars Saved the Earth

Told by  
**GEORGE  
GOODCHILD**

## CHAPTER 1

Tom Breckneck

It was more like a wilderness than a garden. True, the upper portion that skirted the house was laid out with flower beds and box plants, neatly trimmed like the familiar wooden specimens that come out of a Noah's ark; but beyond this, stretching away in every direction, were green spinneys and dells, and almost impenetrable patches of undergrowth.

You could scarcely see the old red house from the bottom of the garden, and when you did it seemed miles and miles away. From the side of the placid pond the view opened out over tumbling Devon hills away into bluish mist, which was the fringe of Dartmoor.

Silence was unknown here, for all the creatures of the wild found a pleasant retreat from rain and storm in the overgrown spaces; and from early morning till late at night the whole expanse echoed with the song of birds and the noises of the frogs in the pond. Wood pigeons cooed from the tree-tops in the evening, and owls came out to hoot and screech when the sun had vanished.

But Tom Breckneck, lying at the side of the pond, gazing into its murky depths, was ignorant of all these noises.

His whole attention was riveted on a big, shadowy form which crept over the bottom of the pond. A fishing-rod lay by his side, with the line dangling into the water. On the hook, beneath the water, was a huge piece of bread and jam.

Every day for five weeks Tom had altered the menu, and never had the ancient pike condescended to take it. Tom now saw the monster examining the bait with great interest. Carefully he pushed the rod a little nearer. The pike swirled round in the water at the movement; but he came back again and eyed the meal hungrily, but very suspiciously.

"I believe he's going to take it," muttered Tom.

It certainly looked like it, for the day was intensely hot and the pike was tired of chasing the smaller fish; it saw in this inanimate morsel a meal without the bother of having to chase it.

But he was a very old fish and had seen dreadful things happen to some of his finny friends. He hesitated, and then decided to risk it.

But he made his decision just late enough to save his life. On the very verge of making his grab, a small figure came flying across to the pond.

Tom's red hair stood up on end at the sight of the scared, disappearing fish. He turned round and saw the lithe form of his sister Joan, with a butterfly-net in her hand, panting with excitement.

"There, now I've lost him!" she said. "Did you see him? A monster, all mottled and gold. I nearly got him. He settled on a hollyhock right under my nose."

Tom, very disgusted, pulled in his line.

"You shouldn't have rushed in like that," he complained. "In another second I'd have had that old pike landed high and dry."

Joan's merry brown eyes rested on the huge swollen bait. She burst into a peal of laughter.

"Why, you'll never catch a pike with that!"

"Why not?"

"Because they don't like bread and jam."

Tom looked at her with a superior air, for Joan was not yet twelve and her big brother was sixteen.

"That just shows how little you know about it," he said. "He was

just going to take it when you came and spoiled everything. Besides, it wasn't common jam—it was black currant."

"I don't see that that makes any difference."

"It does; it makes all the difference in the world. Quick! Where's the net? Give it me!"

He grabbed the butterfly-net and made a swoop at something in the air.

"Got him!" he cried.

"You haven't! I saw him dart away," said Joan.

Tom, still unconvinced, examined the net, and sighed.

"They're so jolly quick—dragonflies," he yawned. "I wonder where he went?"

"Oh, never mind! Sit down. I've something to tell you."

They sat down by the side of the pond, which shimmered green in the fierce rays of the sun. Tom



A small figure came flying across to the pond

wiped the drops of perspiration from his sun-scorched neck.

"Listen," said Joan. "I'm going away soon."

"Where to?"

"To a boarding-school. Isn't it lovely?"

Tom looked at her in amazement.

"You poor kid, to think that a boarding school is lovely. I'd much rather be here—doing nothing."

"I'm not a kid!" retorted Joan, "and I don't want always to be doing nothing."

"Well, what do you want to do?"

Joan put her hands round her knees and tried to look into the future.

"I want to learn and learn, and get like father, so that I can write books. They'll be beautiful books, too, about lords and ladies and adventures and—and love."

This was too much for Tom. He turned and surveyed his sister as though she were a specimen in a museum.

"Fancy a kid of twelve wanting to write books about love!" he ejaculated. "Jolly good thing I wasn't born a girl. What's the good of it all? Now, the chaps I like are those who write about engines and bridge-building and ships. Joan, write about machin-

ery or something really interesting, and then I'll read it."

Joan tossed her head. She knew exactly what she wanted to do, and meant to do it.

Already she knew far more about books than Tom, who read nothing but wild adventure and text books on wireless telegraphy, which conveyed nothing to her. The only thing she and Tom had in common was a love for the open air and for the treasures of nature. This beautiful wild garden had been their happy hunting-ground from early youth, and was the background to all their memories.

It was with delicious excitement that Joan welcomed Tom home when the holidays came round. She now realised that a few weeks would bring them to the new term, and Tom would go back to school, and she as well. It was true she wanted to go to a big school, but the thought of leaving all the things she loved saddened her a little.

"Never mind," she said aloud. "I'm bound to like it and to meet lots of nice girls."

"Eh?" said Tom.

Joan suddenly remembered something.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I quite

it was that his father lived in a world so different from the world Tom loved, but there it was.

"Well, Tom, in a week or two you'll be back at school and on your last term. After that the world will be waiting for you. What are you going to do with your life?"

The boy sat and said nothing. He did not know what to say.

"I had hoped you would show some aptitude for writing, but I'm afraid your reports do not encourage that hope. To be perfectly frank, my boy, you don't seem to have been a great success at learning."

Tom flushed up.

"You don't know how hard I've worked, Dad!" he stammered.

"Indeed! What at?"

He was on the verge of replying when he realised that the things he had done did not come into the regular school curriculum.

It was no use telling his father how he had made a model aeroplane, or that he had read books on wireless telegraphy to such an extent that he had rigged up an instrument outside in the garden, behind the copse, which received messages from all parts of the country. That would merely lead to other questions, and he would be compelled to admit that all this wonderful knowledge had been derived when he should have been reading Horace or studying English literature.

"Well, I was pretty good at natural history," he replied.

"Excellent! But I doubt if that will ever procure you a livelihood if you lack the ability to write about it fluently."

"And—and I read a good deal."

"What did you read? Shelley? Carlyle? Browning? Stevenson?"

Tom jumped at the mention of the last name.

"Yes; I've read all about him, Dad. I made a model of his engine."

"Engine?" ejaculated Mr. Breckneck.

"Yes," Tom rambled on. "He was the man who made the first steam-engine, you know. It wasn't much of a thing, but if it hadn't been for him—"

He stopped short at the look of consternation in his father's eyes.

"You are all engines and machinery, Tom," sighed his father. "The Stevenson I mentioned didn't make engines; he wrote books, some of the best books ever written."

Tom dimly remembered now, and was shamefaced.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Breckneck kindly, "I am a little disappointed, because I expected so much. But the chief thing is to do something worth while in the world. I didn't want you to take up a commercial life—not that commerce isn't a very necessary thing—but art has its own peculiar reward. Still, it seems that a business career is inevitable. I have just had an offer from an old friend who is willing to take you into his office when your schooling is over. That is why I sent for you."

Tom opened his eyes.

"What kind of a business is it?" he stammered.

"A woollen merchant's."

"A wool—" Tom nearly choked.

Mr. Breckneck looked at Tom as though he were trying to see inside him. There was no mistaking the boy's violent dislike of the prospects of work in a merchant's office.

"But I don't know anything about wool," complained Tom; and he felt like adding, "and I don't want to."

"You don't know much about anything, do you, Tom? I think this might prove an excellent opening for you, but I haven't decided yet. We must think it over."

Mr. Breckneck pressed his hand to his heart and sat down. Tom knew it was one of the heart attacks that came regularly, and ran to him.

"It's all right," said his father. "I'm all right now. Run along, and don't get into trouble."

Tom went out with a gloomy face. "I won't go!" he muttered.

"I'd rather do anything than write figures in a book. Why can't he understand that I hate it, and how can one do a thing one hates?"

Once in the garden, however, his gloom vanished like dew in the morning sun. He ran down the winding path like a young Indian, taking off his coat as he went, and brushing back his mop of red hair. Joan was no longer by the pond. He looked right and left, but could see no sign of her.

"Joan!" he bellowed. "Where are you?"

There was no reply for a minute, and then he heard a strange noise behind the spinney. It was the sound of violent sobbing. Wonderingly he ran in that direction, and came upon a queer sight. Joan was sitting on the ground, sobbing as though her heart would break, and in her lap was a dead bird.

"What's the matter?" he gasped.

"It's the bird!" Joan wailed.

"Someone has shot it!"

He stooped and picked it up. He felt a terrible anger burning within him. The bird had been quite tame, and was one of the pair that nested in the larch close by.

"Who did it?" he demanded.

Joan shook her head and sniffed.

Just then a head appeared over the neighbouring hedge, and the arms and shoulders of a big lad came to view. In one of his hands was a long air rifle. He grinned.

"Have you seen a bird?" he queried. "I knocked him clean off the hedge."

"So it was you?" said Tom, almost in a whisper.

"Yes. Chuck it over, will you? He's mine."

Something extraordinary was happening inside Tom. Never before had he felt so ferocious. It seemed that his throat was closing up and that no speech would come. Then he found his voice—a strangled voice that he scarcely recognised.

"You coward!" he cried. "I'd like to come and knock your head off! You've killed our pet! Ugh, you ugly brute!"

The face behind the hedge was wreathed in a sneer.

"Fine talk," it said. "Come over and do it."

Every muscle in the boy's sturdy body went taut.

"Tom!" implored Joan.

He turned and looked at her scared face, and from that to the still body of the dead bird. That settled the matter. In one running leap he was over the hedge, facing his adversary.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Jolly Tales for Little Boys and Girls

"Young Folks' Tales" are the merriest Fairy Tales, illustrated with splendid pictures. There are also jokes, amusing riddles, and an interesting toy model in each number.

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## It's a Sad Heart that Never Rejoices



### DI MERRYMAN

"WHAT is wind?" was one of the questions in a school examination paper.

"Wind," wrote a smart boy, "is the air when it gets in a hurry."

#### Dreams

WINIFRED'S dreams are all mixed up;

John never dreams at all;  
But I—I dream the strangest things  
Of woods and witches, handsome kings,

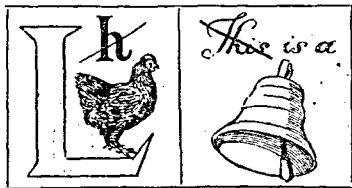
And David dreams things, too;  
Places we never knew,  
We see them in our dreams.

I'm often running up and down  
Through other people's houses;  
I try to find the right way out,  
Stooping so quietly about,  
I feel just like a thief;  
And, oh, it's such a relief  
When I let go that dream.

#### A Very Sad Tale

THERE once was an ichthyosaurus  
Who lived when the earth was  
all porous,  
When he first heard his name  
He fainted with shame  
And departed long ages before us.

#### Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent two girls' names.  
Do you know them? *Solution next week*

WHY is a man approaching a  
burning candle like one about  
to get off a horse?  
Because he is going to alight.

#### The Dog and the Owl

THERE once was a very wise owl  
Who heard a fox-terrier growl.  
To growl, too, he tried,  
But something inside  
Said, "You can't, stupid thing,  
you're a fowl."



#### Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke

"LET'S play at pirates," Gussie said  
To Marmaduke one day.  
Into a boat those urchins got  
And sailed out in the bay.  
But when they passed another boat,  
"Hands up!" young Marmy cried;  
And then their boat they tried to sail  
Close to the other's side.  
"Hi, boat ahoy!" the sailor cried;  
Alas! It was too late!  
Into the boat the pirates crashed  
And now behold their fate.  
Amid the waves they struggled till  
They sank right down below;  
And were they drown'd? I cannot say  
Because I do not know.

#### Do You Live in Reading?

THIS name, formerly spelt Read-  
ingas, means the home of the  
descendants of Reada; and Reada,  
which means Red, was originally a  
nickname, probably for a red-haired  
person. The modern surnames Reid  
and Reade have this origin.

#### A Picture Lesson in Geography



Do you know what English village this  
picture represents? *Solution next week*

NAME a word of five letters from  
which if you take away two  
one remains.  
Stone.

#### Too Strange to be True

"MOTHER," said a young man who  
had brought a college chum  
home to his house to tea, "let me  
introduce my friend, Mr. Crack-  
noodle."

His mother, who was rather deaf,  
placed her hand to her ear and  
said, "I'm sorry, I did not catch  
the name."

"Mr. Cracknoodle," repeated her  
son in a louder tone, much to the  
confusion of his chum who was  
rather sensitive about his somewhat  
peculiar name.

Again the mother did not catch  
the word, and the son repeated it  
still more loudly.

"I'm sorry," said the deaf lady.  
"I cannot catch the name. It  
sounds to me just like Cracknoodle."

#### This Might Have Been Expressed Differently

A FRUITERER in a provincial town  
put up the notice:

TRY OUR APPLES  
SHOP NOW AND AVOID  
THE RUSH  
THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES  
THE WORM

WHEN is a ship like a floor?  
When it is boarded.

#### How Trouble Comes

IN half the affairs of this busy life  
(As on a fine day I said to my wife,  
Our troubles come from trying to put  
The left-hand shoe on the right-  
hand foot.

#### The Shepherd and His Sheep

A SHEPHERD who had 105 sheep  
used to fasten them up for the  
night in four different folds, which  
varied in size. In the second fold he  
put twice as many as in the first,  
in the third twice as many as in the  
second, and in the fourth twice as  
many as in the third. How many  
sheep were there in each fold?

*Solution next week*

#### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

##### Puzzle Sentence

Be not cross either before tea or  
after tea.

##### What Are We? Windows

##### What Are They Doing?

One boy is spinning a top and the  
other is fishing.

### Jacko Turns Showman

THEY were very gay on a Saturday afternoon in the village  
where Jacko lived.

There was always an Aunt Sally to shy coconuts at the  
top of the big playing field, to say nothing of cricket matches  
and flying boats and swings. And sometimes, when they  
were specially favoured, a little company of gipsies would  
draw up a line of caravans and pitch their tents and invite the  
whole neighbourhood to see all the fun of the fair.

"Old Benjy's setting up a merry-go-round," Jacko informed  
the family at dinner one Saturday. "Coming, Adolphus?"  
he added with a grin.

Adolphus didn't deign to answer.

Old Benjy had once been the village greengrocer, but the  
war had unsettled him. About twice a year he would shut up  
his shop and go off on some crazy adventure to make his for-  
tune. When he was convinced it was a failure he would come  
back again.

This time he had bought a merry-go-round from a travelling  
showman, and he was setting it up when Jacko passed.

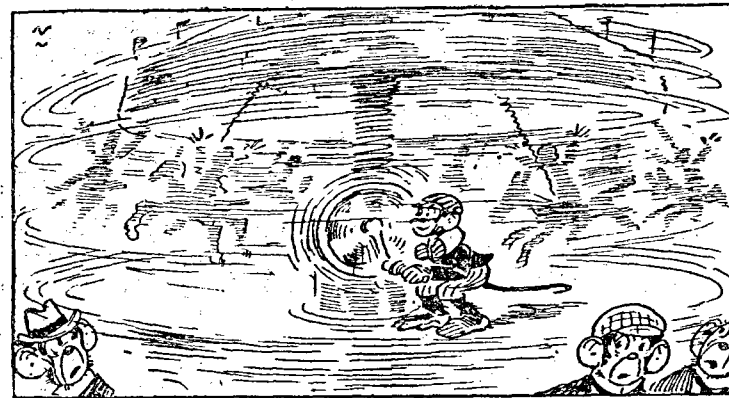
"I've been helping him," said Jacko.

"You'll make a nice mess of it between you," remarked  
Adolphus.

"No we shan't," said Jacko. "It's easy enough."

"Isn't there an engine," asked Adolphus, "to send it  
round?"

"No. It's only a small affair," said Jacko. "You turn a  
handle and it does the trick all right."



"I'll have to wind up a bit quicker," said Jacko

When Jacko got back to the playing field there was no  
sign of Benjy anywhere.

"You won't see him again today," said the man in charge  
of the swings. "Someone told him of a man who's got some  
performing dogs to sell, and he's gone to have a look at 'em."

"Silly juggins!" said Jacko. "Everybody comes here on  
Saturday—he's missing the best day in the week."

He was walking away when a brilliant thought struck him.

"I wonder if I could work the thing," he said to himself.  
"It would be no end of a lark!"

Half-an-hour later Jacko was standing in the middle of the  
roundabout, turning a big handle and shouting at the top of  
his voice:

"Come on! Come and have a ride on my gees! Take you  
to Jericho for twopence!"

Benjy's merry-go-round was full that afternoon, and Jacko  
was having the time of his life.

His only trouble was that it didn't go round fast enough.

"I'll have to wind up a bit quicker," said Jacko.

He flung off his coat, tucked up his sleeves, and bent over  
the wheel.

When he lifted his head again the people were howling for  
mercy and turning somersaults in the air!

### Ici on Parle Français



Le havresac Le canal Le sapin  
Le soldat porte un havresac  
Il y a un pont sur le canal  
Le sapin pousse sur la montagne



Le bouton La guérite à Le phoque  
signaux

J'ai perdu mon bouton de chemise  
Voici la guérite à signaux  
Le phoque a une belle fourrure

### Notes and Queries

Who was the Colossus of Inde-  
pendence? John Adams, second  
President of the United States.

What is Taboo? When a  
thing is taboo it is prohibited,  
the word coming from a Poly-  
nesian dialect.

What is the Albedo of a  
Planet? The proportion of sun-  
light reflected from a planet's  
surface compared with the total  
amount received from the sun.

What is a Carpet Knight? A  
man lacking in manliness, the  
reference being to one knighted  
at Court while kneeling on a  
carpet, as contrasted with one  
knighted on the battlefield.

### Tales Before Bedtime

#### The Egg

WHEN Mavis got down on  
Easter morning the first  
thing she saw was a huge  
chocolate egg.

It was on the breakfast-table,  
and it was the biggest egg  
Mavis had ever seen.

She frowned when she caught  
sight of it. Of course it was  
for Sibyl—all the nice things  
that came to the house were  
for Sibyl—who had had every-  
thing she wanted ever since  
she could remember.

It wouldn't have mattered  
if she had been nice about  
them. But she wasn't—at  
least, so Mavis thought. She  
thought Sibyl was selfish; but  
perhaps she was only thought-  
less. She certainly never  
seemed to think of sharing any-  
thing with her little cousin.

All her life Sibyl had been  
used to pretty things. Her  
father was a rich man, and  
when Easter came round of  
course he sent his little daugh-  
ter the most beautiful egg he  
could find.

No one sent anything so ex-  
citing to Mavis.

"It isn't fair!" she burst  
out.

She went up to the table,  
picked up the egg, and carried  
it out of the room.

"Sibyl shan't have it!" she  
declared. "I'll hide it. I'll  
hide it in the attic. She'll  
never find it there."

She meant to put it in a  
secret hiding-place she had  
among the rafters, but when  
she tried to push it in it  
wouldn't go; it was too big.

Mavis held the egg out in  
her hands and looked at it;  
and suddenly it fell in half.



Mavis went up to the table

Out dropped a little note,  
and on it was written in Sibyl's  
writing, "For Mavis."

"Mavis! Mavis! Where  
are you?" cried Sibyl's voice  
from below.

"I'm here!" cried Mavis,  
running to the stairs.

"I've got a surprise for  
you!" called Sibyl.

"I know," Mavis called  
back. "And I've been horrid  
and spoilt it. I was jealous  
of all your pretty things, but  
I won't be again. It was the  
most beautiful surprise I have  
ever had."



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 26, 1921

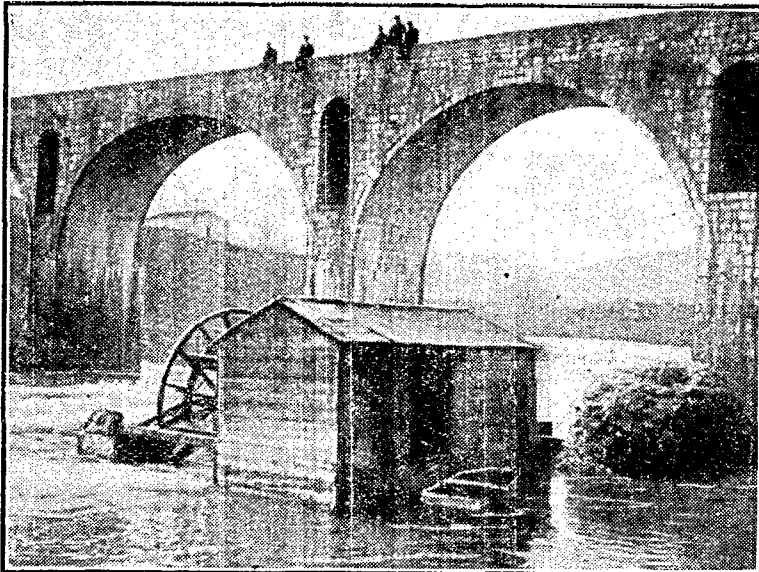
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## MONSTER EASTER EGG • TRAIL OF THE SKI • SCHOOLBOYS CAPTURE A PYTHON



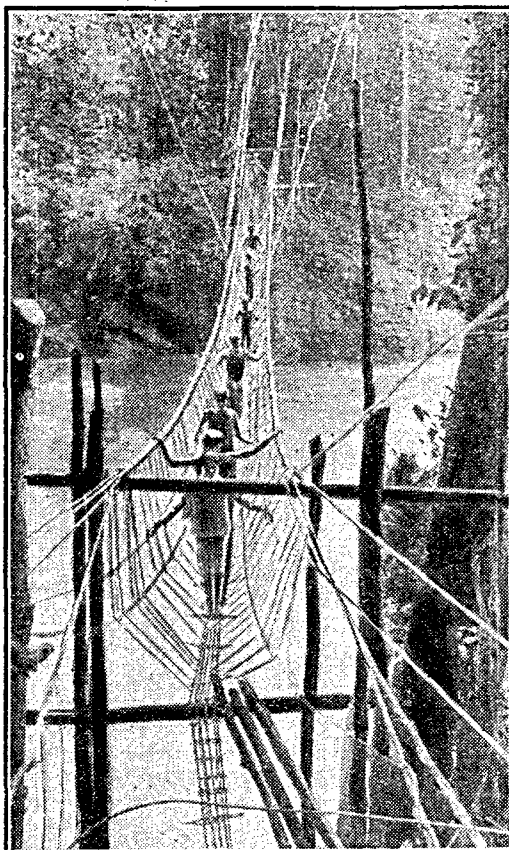
**The Big Hot Cross Bun**—This little reader has just been to the baker's and bought a monster hot cross bun for Good Friday



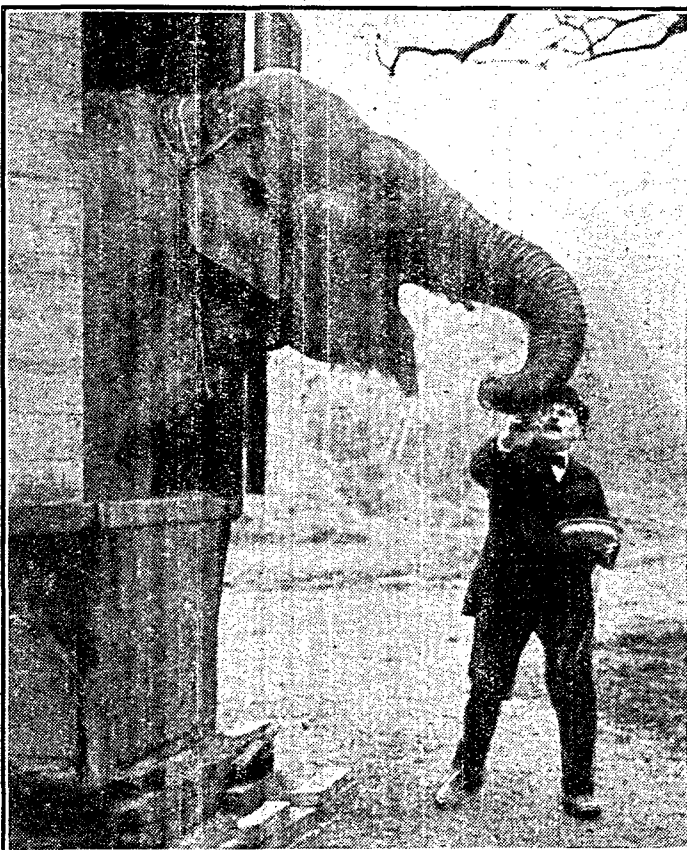
**The Travelling Water Mill**—This floating mill is seen on the River Zeti, in Jugoslavia. The miller goes up and down the river, taking his mill with him and grinding corn for the different villages on the banks which he stops from time to time



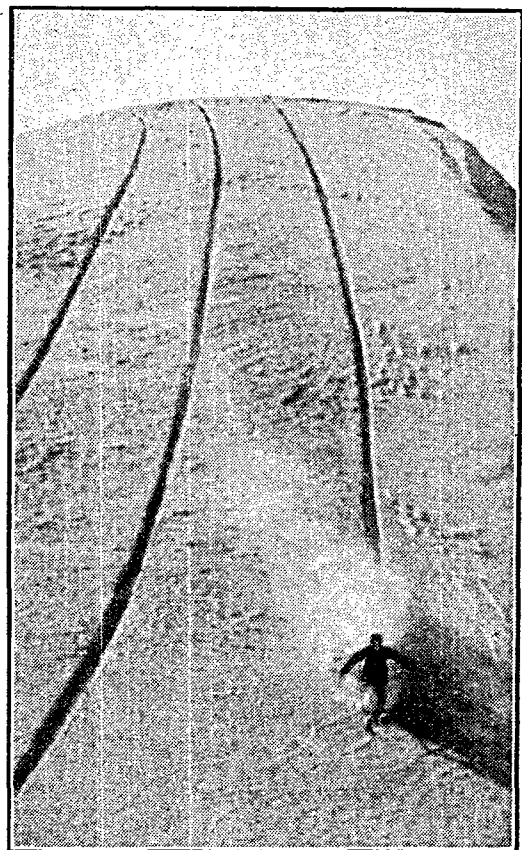
**A Monster Easter Egg**—This giant Easter egg, seen in London, is four feet and a quarter high, weighs seventy pounds, and costs twenty guineas



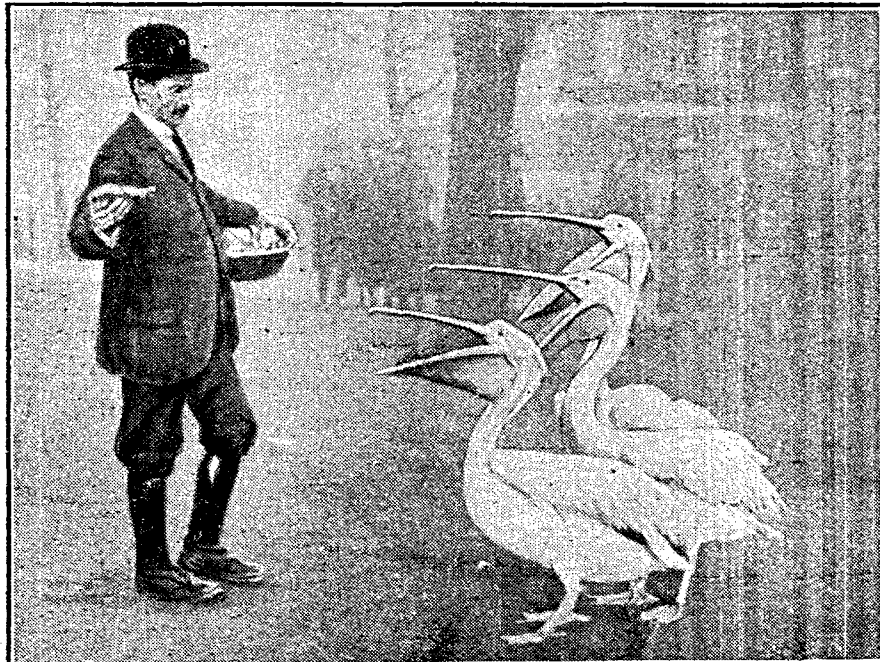
**A Native Suspension Bridge**—Here is a cleverly made suspension bridge at Palos, in the Celebes Islands, which is part of the regular trade route at this place



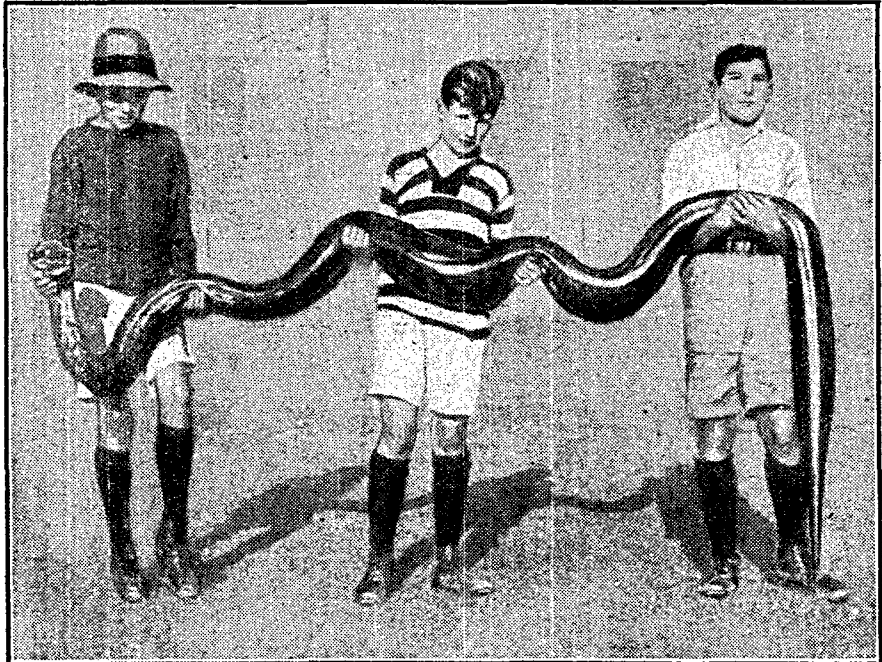
**A Tit-Bit for the Elephant**—This elephant at a circus farm near Harley, in Surrey, is always ready to greet his owner, who feeds him on dainty morsels of mangold, of which he is very fond



**The Trail of the Ski**—An English tourist ski-ing down a slope in Switzerland. Note the remarkable trail that the skis leave in the snow



**A Study in Expression**—The pelicans in St. James's Park, London, waiting for their mid-day meal. The feeding of these amusing birds is always a great attraction to visitors, who gather in large numbers to see the pelicans open their beaks



**The Schoolboys and the Python**—These three schoolboys of Hilton College, Natal, are holding a great python, thirteen and a half feet long, which they killed near their school. These giant snakes watch for small mammals, which they squeeze to death before swallowing